

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## The State Constitutional Convention.

It is in some respects unfortunate that the Convention to take into consideration what changes in the Constitution of this State may be desirable, should assemble this year. Twenty years have elapsed since the last Convention, and by the fundamental law of the State, the time has come round when another may legally be called. But had it been possible that such a Convention could have been deferred for a few years, it would, we think, have then met under more favorable auspices than at present. We are not aware whether its call at the end of twenty years is imperative, or whether, should it not meet now, another twenty years must elapse before another could be called, or whether a Convention meeting, say in 1870, would possess the powers of one authorized in 1867, supposing this latter did not assemble, or was adjourned.

Our reasons for thinking the Constitutional Convention inopportune this year are that there is manifestly a great indifference in the public mind as to what such a Convention may do or omit to do. Such indifference is shown by the very light vote cast at the last election, and again by the question one hears continually asked, What is the Convention going to do? Beyond the question whether the Judiciary of the State shall continue to be elective, on which we shall have something to say presently, there seem to be no salient points of change or reform in which the public takes much interest. This certainly would not be the case if people had any cause for being dissatisfied with things as they are—if the present Constitution had proved so notoriously faulty that we suffered from grievances which only a change in it could remedy—if it had impeded the action of our industry—or menaced our liberties in any way. We are far from saying that our present Constitution is perfect—nothing human can be—but as its imperfections are not of such a character that we meet with them in our daily pursuits, we have become indifferent to any proposed changes designed to remedy them.

It is not to be concealed either, that since the war, and perhaps this is one of its results,

our political thinking as a people has taken a wider range and we are more strictly national, giving, that is, less prominence in our thoughts than before to State affairs than to those of the nation. What during the war were the strictly defined party lines, are now the party lines in State politics, the same names at least,

ful end, now fight in State politics against the great party that was opposed to them in national affairs. The call itself of a Convention was voted against by the same party that denied the right of Government to suspend the act of habeas corpus; and those who array themselves for and against an elective Judiciary in

that the heartburnings and party animosities created and carried on by our civil war should reappear in our State Government. There may, too, be in the public mind, some desire for that repose which comes naturally after a long and arduous struggle. Any danger to the great principles of liberty whose triumphs

have been so dearly won might speedily rouse it into renewed activity, but the squabbles of State politicians seem dwarfed in comparison with the contests through which we have just passed. This apathy, evident to every one, may not be the best or safest mood, but it affords a reason for wishing that until some distinct issues of State policy have been raised, the Convention had been postponed.

Since, however, the Convention is to meet, it may be well to consider what its duties should be. And have we are met again by difficulties arising out of the transfer of national politics into a narrower field. To take, for instance, the question of municipal governments, it is impossible not to see the practical difficulties of making a fundamental law on the subject. This city is intensely democratic, and it is here that that party can always calculate on the heaviest majorities. With a Legislature largely Republican, however, the efforts of that party to obtain control of the administration of the city have been thwarted by a series of acts which even their warmest supporters must admit are partial, and inapplicable to other municipalities. Any fundamental law on the subject must therefore either remit this city to its own government, that is, to the Democratic party, which would be a deplorable event, or subject Buffalo and Rochester and other large cities to the loss of their municipal liberties and their government by commissions appointed in Albany, which would clearly be unnecessary and unwise.

As to an elective Judiciary, some difficulties of a similar nature appear to affect its consideration. In the country districts the system appears to have worked well, and in the higher branches it has given us the services of many distinguished men who have been an ornament to the Bench. It is only in large cities, and in the lower branches, such



ASPIRANTS FOR HISTORIC FAME.—SEE PAGE 131.

only used in a more limited sphere. Burnburns, Old Hunkers, Silver-gray Whigs, Hard Shells and Soft Shells, have all been fused into Republicans on the one side, and Democrats on the other, and the same party that on every occasion opposed the war, and all the measures taken to carry it to a success-

the State are identical in principles and in name with those who fought in Congress for and against the Constitutional right of secession. We shall do no injustice to either party in supposing that the present lines of demarcation will last some time longer, but it cannot be considered an advantage in State affairs

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as police justices, that odium has been brought upon it, yet if we recur to the system of life tenures of office, it must apply to all, from the highest to the lowest. Still, as it is in the lower courts that the public is most interested in a pure and upright administration of justice, free from the partisan spirit and dense ignorance that now disgrace it, we would do away with the present system of elections, and confide the higher branches to the appointment of the Governor. No one pretends that, even in these, direct election by the people has given us better judges than under the old system, and therefore, taken as a whole, the recurrence to appointment by the Governor must be advantageous.

If the Convention can adopt some plan to check the corruption which now infests our political system, it will not have met in vain. But there are many reasons for believing that no attempt to do this can or will be made. One remedy proposed has been to increase largely the numbers of the members of the Legislature, so as to make the bribery of a majority too costly. Another, that the number should be restricted and have no pay or allowances, so that only men ambitious of the honor of serving their State would be returned. To both these changes there are many obvious objections, and we believe the only cure lies in an awakened public spirit and sense of duty, and these are springs of action which no Convention, and no laws it may pass, can reach.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 18, 1867.

NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

#### NOTICE.

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#### Special Notice.

WITH No. 601 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, we presented No. 1 of National Portrait Gallery, viz., a Portrait of HON. THADDEUS STEVENS, and with No. 603 a Portrait of WENDELL PHILLIPS, being No. 2 of the series.

#### Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner.

GREAT attractions for the new volume of this favorite family paper. With No. 105 of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER each purchaser will receive a new and elegant Gift Plate, engraved expressly for the CHIMNEY CORNER, and in the highest style of art, entitled, "AGAINST HIS WILL," from the universally admired oil painting by J. G. Brown. In the same number, commencing the Fifth Volume of the CHIMNEY CORNER, will begin a new and exciting SERIAL ROMANCE. As an inducement to the formation of Clubs, we offer as a Premium for Thirty Subscribers to the CHIMNEY CORNER, at \$4 each, one of GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED \$55 FAMILY SEWING-MACHINE.

#### Justice's Justice.

If this city is to be pitted for having Hogans to administer its laws, Brooklyn is worthy of a deeper commiseration in possessing Dailey. It is really mortifying to hear constantly of such mockeries of the laws and of common sense as our Police Justices are guilty of; but now and then a deeper feeling is roused, and indignation takes the place of contempt. It is impossible to read the details of a late outrage in Brooklyn, and how, through the weakness or ignorance of the magistrate, the guilty miscreants escaped the fate they had deserved, without almost wishing that Dailey himself could be made to suffer the punishment he had spared the real criminals. In this case there was every possible aggravation of one of the most heinous crimes known to the law, yet the very circumstance constituting the aggravation was held by the Justice to be a good reason for discharging the prisoners! We will endeavor, as briefly as possible, to state the main facts as detailed in the daily papers: two women, mother and daughter, named Griffin, who suffer under the dreadful affliction of partial insanity, dwelt together in a small tenement-house in Brooklyn. Their weak and helpless condition was known to a gang of four ruffians named Quirk, Reed and two Owens, who one night last week forced their way into the rooms of these unhappy people. With the idea of combining the smallest risk of punishment, with the largest indulgence of their lusts, one of the gang personated the part of a clergyman, and then, by threats of extreme violence, the daughter, Effie, was compelled to submit to the form of being married to Quin. On the conclusion of this hideous mockery of a ceremony there came a scene over which we would fain drop a veil. The last possible outrage was com-

mitted in the presence of the girl's mother, and amid the brutal jests of the companions of Quin. With threats of the lives of the women if they complained to the police, the wretches departed, only, however, to return, after a few weeks, and subject the girl, whom it were an abuse of language to call a wife, to a renewal of the felonious assault. This time, however, the mother, whom the threats of the gang had hitherto deterred from complaining to the police, mustered up courage to denounce Quin and his companions, two of whom were quickly arrested and brought before Justice Dailey on the charge of a criminal outrage on the girl, the other two making their escape. All the circumstances of the case as we have stated them were fully proved, yet Justice Dailey discharged the prisoners, with the extraordinary remark that it was the most revolting case he ever heard; yet the marriage ceremony having been performed, he could not commit the prisoners for trial on the charge of outraging the girl!

According, therefore, to this rendering of the law, consent, even if obtained by violence, does away with the criminality of an act which, without such consent, would be liable to punishment. The gangs of rowdies who infest some of our suburbs must be infinitely obliged to Justice Dailey for the new screen he has interposed between them and their deserts. Most people would have supposed that personating a character falsely, and committing a crime under its shelter, was only adding fraud to violence. "No," says Dailey, "it extenuates it." It would be a whit more absurd to say that your consenting to give up your purse to a thief, because he will shoot you if you do not, makes the transfer of your property a gift to him. Will any one seriously maintain that free consent, which is the very essence of marriage, was given by Effie Griffin before her outrage? Would even Justice Dailey now dare to call her Mrs. Quin? Is a decree of the Divorce Court the only way in which she can be free again? Yet, if she is not Quin's lawful wife, he and his companions ought to be sent to the State prison for twenty years, and even if she is, a felonious assault of the grossest kind was committed and should be punished.

Hereafter, therefore, if any ruffians wish to commit an outrage on a defenseless woman, they may do it with impunity, by providing two things: first, a clergyman—mock or real is of no consequence, only a mock one may be better, as being a greater villainy—who will read over the words of a ceremony of marriage—and next, that Mr. Justice Dailey shall try them for the supposed offense. He may read them a lecture, say the act was very bad, but their double rascality had saved them from the penalty he would have inflicted on a single crime. Happy miscreants to be tried by so wise a judge!

#### Japanese at Washington.

If our descendants should happen to take any interest in the visits of distinguished Japanese to Washington in the spring of 1867, it will be necessary for them to be very particular as to the dates. The mistake of a few days may plunge them into endless confusion. If they consult contemporary records they will find two presentations of distinguished Japanese, and from the almost equal honors paid to both, they may dispute as to which party was the acrobats, and which the ambassadors. If the latter were never presented, the reception granted to the former might pass as evidence of the consideration in which their countrymen were held by us. An ingenious critic a hundred years hence might, with some plausibility, maintain that there was but one party of these foreigners, perhaps appearing in different characters on different days. He might point to the severe laws of Japan forbidding the natives to travel abroad under penalty of death if they returned. From the internal evidence derived from the newspaper reports of the doings in Washington, he might argue that it was impossible that the same reception would be given at the White House to classes so widely differing in social position as circus performers and ambassadors, and therefore they were all one party, holding, perhaps, different positions, but all alike entitled to a gracious reception by the President of the United States. Perhaps the theory will be started that the tumblers and jumpers were merely the forerunners of their superiors in rank. The Japanese are a queer people, and many of their customs differ essentially from ours. In the East heralds always form part of a great man's cortege, just as couriers in an humbler sort of way serve travelers in Europe. The Japanese may not unreasonably be imagined to have a custom of their own, and it may be the correct thing to send their clowns in advance of their ministers. It may be no bad plan thus to prefigure the pliability of the diplomatic mind.

It is in fact only by looking upon all the Japanese now in Washington as members of the same mission, clowns, Tommies, ambassadors and all, that we can understand the reception of the first by the head of the nation

in the manner described by the special correspondents of the daily papers. Facility of access to the presence of our President is one of the privileges we pride ourselves upon as American citizens, but we were not aware that every foreign harlequin could claim the same rights. There is something very ludicrous in the idea of these heathens being attended by the President in person through the apartments of the White House, and one of them, named All-Right—which is doubtless a "gag" and by no means a translation of his Japanese name—cultivating (so the story runs) the acquaintance of the President, who took him by the hand several times during the ramble over the house. What greater distinction can the next batch of Japanese expect? It would be interesting to know if these have been duly informed of the honors just received by their countrymen, and if so, how they have been made to understand that one of the articles of our political faith is, that all men are equal, even Japanese. If the clowns are not part of the ambassador's suite, how will these relish the temerity of the former taking precedence in presentations to our Tycoon? Is it not a presumption warranting an order to commit the "happy dispatch," and how would our laws regard hari-kari if carried out in Washington?

As we write, a terrible suspicion crosses our mind that these ground and lofty tumblers may after all not be what they call themselves. That the whole affair may be but an advertising dodge of some Oriental jugglers to gain public notoriety, and who, knowing a Japanese embassy was already on our shores, took a name which would gain the popular ear. In any event, the device of a Presidential endorsement does great credit to their shrewdness as showmen. Perhaps they took the hint from Barnum's success through exhibiting Tom Thumb to the British court.

#### Government by Police.

TAKEN by itself, the Kennedy-Connolly affair was not worth more attention than any other squabble in the courts. It is only as the exponent of certain ideas, which seem to be fermenting in the minds of the Police Commissioners, that we have from time to time noticed the changing phases in its history. It is an old saying that great bodies move slowly, and the deliberate steps by which this affair unfolds itself point to the consummation of a design of very great interest to every inhabitant of this city. Since we last adverted to the subject, the Police Justices of the city, feeling themselves aggrieved by the practical suspension of one of their courts by order of the heads of the police, passed a resolution not to hear any cases which ought, in the ordinary course of justice, have been taken before the court so suspended. To use a phrase of the prize ring, Mr. Kennedy countered heavily; for he determined to open a court of his own at the Police Headquarters, and appoint his own judge to try the cases so dismissed from the courts. Mr. Bull (not Irish, we hope) presides at this tribunal, and being, as it were, in the centre and focus of justice itself, his decisions will no doubt be approved by the presiding genius enthroned behind him.

No person of ordinary perceptions can be for an instant blind to the tendency of these acts. It may be too much to say that a deliberate intention has been formed to place all the liberties of the citizens, and all the safeguards of the law which were once our boast, under the immediate and irresponsible control of the police; but taken in connection with another act we are about to notice, it is very certain that the police is rapidly usurping all the functions of our municipal government. One of the last acts passed at Albany before the adjournment of the Legislature was to transfer to the Police Commissioners of this city all the powers and duties hitherto exercised by the Mayor and Common Council in regard to the licensing of theatres, public conveyances, pawnbrokers, auctioneers, and many other trades. Whether the Legislature can thus legally deprive the city authorities of the few shreds of power or patronage still left to them is a matter to be decided by the courts; but reasoning on general principles, it is probable the action of the Legislature will be sustained. The attempt to defeat it, however, in its early stages, was very ingenious. The clause giving the new powers to the police was inserted secretly into the tax levy, and as soon as it was discovered, the Boards of Aldermen and Councilmen hastily met and divested themselves of the powers that had been already legislated away from them. If, therefore, the Commissioners of Police sought to find out what powers in the premises the city authorities possessed, the reply was ready—that they had none! This evasion, however, which was neither dignified nor wise, has not hindered the police from stepping into the position thus ingloriously abandoned; and there is at least this comfort, that whatever the courts of last resort may decide, the Common Council cannot again take the powers they have let go.

Over 19,000 licenses are annually issued in

the city, and whatever partisan favors have been hitherto granted, we may expect now to see abolished. "New brooms sweep clean," and for a time we may hope for a strict watch being kept on those thieves' resorts, the junk shops. If the hack-drivers can also be taught that there is now a power swift to punish their misdeeds, on one will complain that the police have taken the responsibility. There are other numerous ways in which the change may be beneficial, but every one must wish that the manner of bringing about the change had been different. In a free government the duties of the police are purely executive, but we are fast drifting toward the union of the executive and administrative powers in one and the same hands—that of the police. This may give us what many people have long desired, a strong and efficient City Government. Perhaps the events of the late war have taught us to attach supreme value to such strength and efficiency. We must not forget, however, that responsibility to the people and our personal liberties are of some account, and to barter away these in exchange for mere strength, is to give up our privileges as a free people. St. Petersburg and Paris are better governed cities than New York, but we cannot believe that the despotism by which this is effected can be welcome here. Disguise the thing as we may, and try to praise it as a party triumph, the ugly fact must still remain, that under the Board of Health and the Police Commissioners, this city is now ruled by irresponsible powers, against which there is no appeal, and as citizens we have no voice in their selection. In another place we have shown why no change in our Municipal regulations need be expected from any action of the Convention. Whether for good or evil, we have embarked on a course of strong government. It will, no doubt, bring with it many material comforts. On these we may for a time pride ourselves, but let us no longer prate about our being a free people.

#### TOWN GOSSIP.

It seems now more than probable that the reign of peace will continue in Europe, so that the visitors at the Great Exposition will be enabled to take a run through the Low Countries, and penetrate, if they feel inclined, as far north even as St. Petersburg. The disputing parties have finally arrived at the common-sense conclusion of ending the quarrel by removing the cause, so that the fort of Luxemburg is to be dismantled, and the world not be excited with a causeless war, nor thousands be made to suffer by a useless slaughter.

The practical good sense of this decision can not be too highly commended, and though it is singular that such a course of conduct, which is just what any two reasonable men engaged in an analogous dispute would do, should have been hit upon by the contention of men calling themselves governments, yet none the less for this reason have we cause to be thankful that for once common sense has ruled the rulers.

The whole affair suggests a similar experience which once occurred in the history of Harvard University. It was the custom there, some years ago, when some of us were younger than we are now, to divide the grass-plots from the gravel paths in the college yard by posts with chains suspended from them. There was really no need of doing this to protect the grass, since the students took quite as much pride in the orderly appearance of the yard as any of the college professors could. But some how or other, the posts had been placed there, and the chains suspended, probably to satisfy the aggressive authority of discipline, which is a characteristic of men placed in authority.

These useless defenses of the grass having been erected, it became necessary to protect them, since of course they were liable to the ordinary laws by which the necessity of guarding the guards is created. Hence an edict was issued by the College Faculty positively forbidding any of the students from sitting or swinging upon the chains.

Now it is not a pleasant thing to sit and swing upon a chain. In fact the seat is by no means easy either to assume or to maintain. But by the force of a law of human nature, which is no weaker in youth than it is in manhood, there immediately grew up among the students a passion for sitting and swinging upon the chains. So far did it go, that among the most enthusiastic, it was usual to practice so frequently that they each became provided with a sort of callosity upon that portion of the person brought actively into contact with the chains during the process of sitting and swinging upon them; while even those who were moderately inclined acquired more or less dexterity in the pursuit of this questionable pleasure.

Here, then, was the direct cause of conflict between the authorities and those subject to them. The faculty felt themselves called upon by every motive which appeals to incorporated bodies of rulers to maintain the authority of their laws, while the students were tempted by the very prohibition to tempt the dangers of disregarding it.

The consequence was constant trouble, and it is not too much to say that in almost every case where the conflict between a student and the faculty assumed any decided proportions, the origin of the difficulty could be traced to an infringement of this rule. Matters went on in this way for years, until one day, during a vacation, the brilliant idea occurred to some one of the college faculty that by removing the posts and chains, they would remove the commencement of offending.

The idea was acted upon, and at the beginning of the next term the yard was found cleared of the ugly and useless defenses of the grass. The result was all that could be hoped. The grass was left undisturbed, and though those of the students who had by practice put themselves in fit condition for sitting and swinging upon the chains with the least possible injury to themselves, found their armor, now that it was useless, more of an encumbrance than anything else, yet even this, in the natural course of time, passed away, and both parties were the better satisfied. The faculty were not forced to exercise their discipline, and the students were not tempted to incur its dangers.

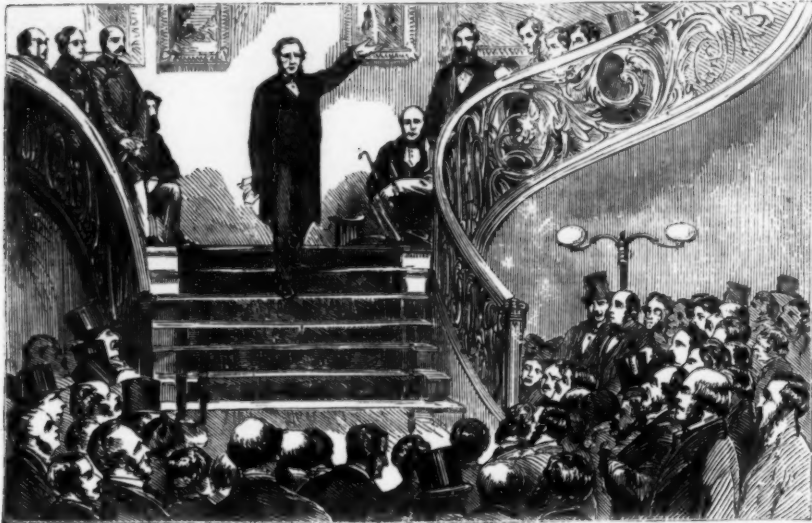
"The trifling of adults is called business," says Saint Augustine, and our variegated anecdote may have as



It is curious how early Arab horses are mentioned, evidently as choice ones, in English. In a Homily of about 1200 A. D., one of a series now being edited by Mr. Richard Morris for the early English Text Society, occurs the following passage, where the writer is treating of Christ's humility in riding on an ass's colt: "He mihte ridan, gif he walde, on riche stede, and palfray, and mule, and araber: naide he no" (he would not; not even upon the big ass—the mule-ass—to but upon the little foal that was still sucking).—The House of Lords of the same series gives a reason, now lost, for rest from work on the Sunday, which the Lord's Day Observance Society may perhaps find of use in their next prosecution of the leaders of the "Sunday Evenings for the People": "The first virtue is that it (Sunday) on earth gives rest to all earth thralls (slaves)—men and women, from their thrall-work (servitude). The second virtue is in heaven, because the angels rest themselves more than on any other day. The third virtue is, that the wretched souls in hell have rest from their great torments."



## The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



MR. GLADSTONE ADDRESSING THE MEETING OF THE LIBERALS, AT HIS HOUSE, CARLTON TERRACE, LONDON.

**Mr. Gladstone Addressing the Liberals at his House, Carlton Terrace, London.**

This meeting of the liberal members of Parliament was partly extemporaneous. Without any previous

Bright and others who urged upon those present to concur in supporting Mr. Gladstone's policy, as if he were at that moment leader of the House of Commons or Prime Minister of the country.



WORKS AT THE SITE OF THE INTENDED VIADUCT, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON.

agreement the supporters of Mr. Gladstone's policy met at his house in such numbers that the rooms could not contain them, and therefore a meeting was extem-

**Works of the Holborn Valley Viaduct, London.**

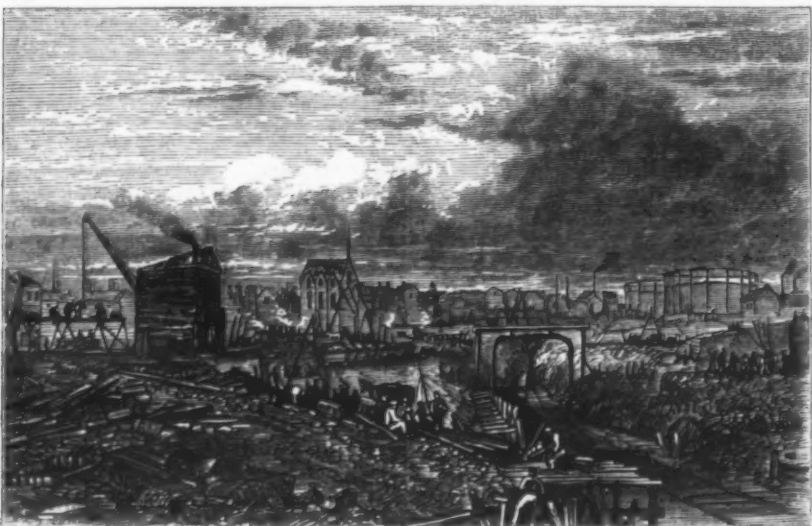
The city of London is carrying out simultaneously at



THE NEW LIGHT TOWER AT ST. PIERRE-PORT, GUERNSEY.

porized in the hall. Our illustration represents the liberal leader addressing his friends. After the proposition of certain resolutions, which we have no space to reprint here, the meeting was addressed by Mr.

the present time works of improvement which are perhaps even more costly than those undertaken in Paris. We have given already illustrations showing the progress of some of these, and give here views of the



WORKS OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY, NEAR KING'S CROSS, LONDON.

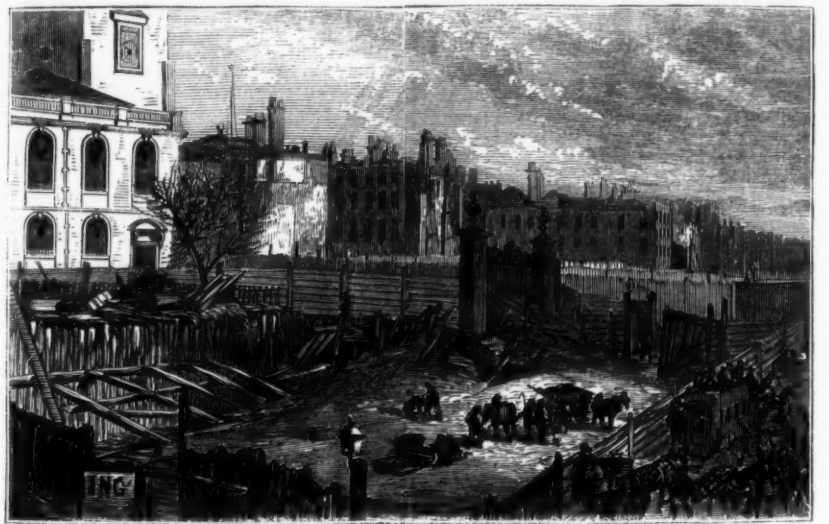


THE GRAND VESTIBULE OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

present condition of the Holborn Viaduct. The design of this improvement is to do away with the steep grade of Holborn Hill, making thus a level road from the end of Oxford street to the Post Office. This part of Lon-

**The New Lighthouse Tower, at St. Pierre-Port, in the Island of Guernsey.**

The harbor of St. Pierre-Port, in the Island of Guernsey, has lately been enlarged and improved—it might



WORKS OF THE HOLBORN VALLEY VIADUCT, LONDON—VIEW LOOKING WEST.

don is one of the busiest of the business parts of the city. These improvements are undertaken under the superintendence of the Metropolitan Board of Works,

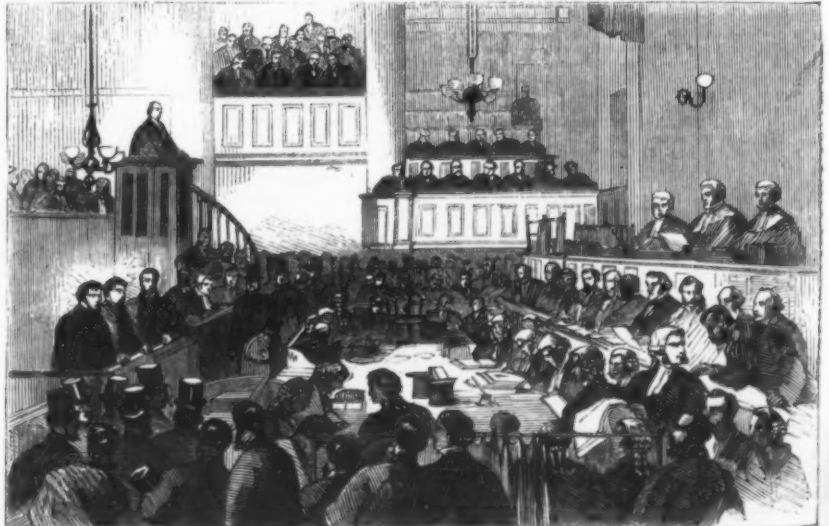
rather he said that a new harbor has been created—by the extensive works ordered by the Guernsey House of States, the provincial legislative assembly. The ancient



EXCAVATING THE NEW SOUTH WEST INDIA DOCK AT THE LIMEHOUSE ENTRANCE, NEAR LONDON.

and suggest the advantage of the introduction of some such arrangement for this city, by which the streets shall be kept in order, and the necessary improvements made economically, but thoroughly.

fortified building named Castle Cornet, which stands on a large rock, to the east of St. Pierre-Port, and was formerly accessible on foot at low water of spring tides, has been joined to the town by a causeway, forming the



TRIAL OF FENIAN PRISONERS ON CHARGES OF HIGH TREASON, AT GREEN STREET COURT, DUBLIN.





SORTING ROOM.

south arm of the new harbor. This castle, which is not now inhabited, was famous in the history of the Civil War. Under Sir Peter Osborne, the Governor, it was held for King Charles, nearly nine years, and was the last place in the British dominions to surrender to



STRIPPING ROOM.

a third-class dioptric lens, the light of which is fifty feet above high water at the average spring tides, and is seen at a distance of nine miles. It was lighted for the first time on March 1. It is placed at the extremity of the breakwater, at a distance of about 1,000 yards



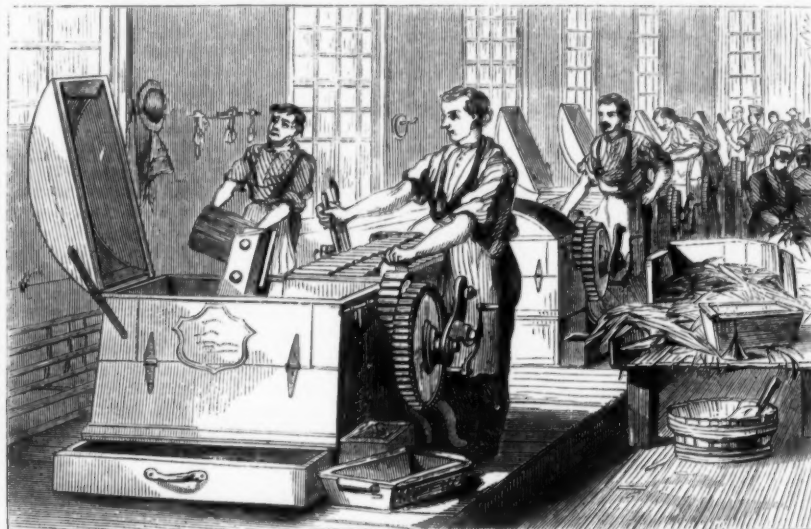
CASING CELLAR.

Works of the Midland Railway, near King's Cross, London, England.

The whole of this neighborhood of London, from Euston road and Somers Town, at the one extremity, to Camden square and the North London Railway at the



SHAKING OUT.



CUTTING ROOM.



PACKING SMOKING TOBACCO IN BAGS.



PACKING CHEWING TOBACCO IN PAPERS.

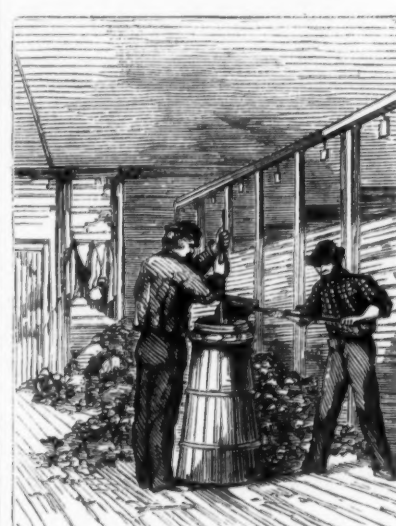
Parliament. The breakwater is an extension of the causeway seaward beyond the castle. On its extremity a handsome granite tower and lighthouse have been erected, of which we give an illustration. The light-tower is a handsome granite structure, furnished with



SPREADING OUT ON SCREENS.

from the shore, which, as we have said, is a continuation of the sea-wall by which Castle Cornet has been connected with the land. These works, which have cost £300,000, were commenced in 1864, according to a

removal to Liverpool, as engineer to the Liverpool and Birkenhead Docks, the work has been carried on by Messrs. W. H. Le Mesurier and A. Giffard, two of his pupils.



CURING HOUSE.

other, extending about one mile, and bounded eastward by the vast goods depot of the Great Northern Railway and by the Regent's Canal, is now a scene of great bustle and activity, hundreds of laborers being



GRINDING SNUFF.



LOBILLARD'S WAREHOUSE AND SALESROOMS, CORNER OF CHAMBERS AND CENTRE STREETS, NEW YORK.



SIFTING SNUFF.



constantly occupied in excavating foundations and building massive piles of brick-work for the lengthy viaducts of the Midland Railway Extension, with its several diverging lines from King's Cross. In the rear of old St. Pancras's Church and churchyard, or a little further on, behind St. Pancras's Workhouse, where the road which leads into Agar Town runs beside one of these new railway lines for several hundred yards, an immense space of ground has been taken by the Midland Company. We present an illustration of the aspect of the works at this time. The well-known gasometer is a feature of the view, which will at once be recognized by those acquainted with that part of London.

#### The Grand Vestibule of the Great Exposition, Paris.

This vestibule is the grand entrance to the Exposition, and in its decorations is intended to be typical of the purposes of the building. The style of its architecture is such a modification of the renaissance as would suit the exigencies of the peculiar material of which the building is constructed. The general air of the room is grandiose, and at the same time light and airy. The inaugural procession, headed by the Emperor and Empress, commenced their tour of inspection through portions of the building on the day of opening.

#### Excavating the New South Dock, West India Docks, at the Limehouse Entrance, London.

The New South Dock, undertaken by the East and West India Docks Company, will occupy a space of about twenty-four acres and provide accommodation for 200 or 300 sail of shipping. The war-houses to be built here are intended for the reception of East India produce, such as a fine seed, saltpetre and cotton; but equal advantages will be offered, in the shape of berths for ships, to those loading here bound outward for various parts of the world; and the depth of water will be such as to enable ships of heavy draught to complete their loading without removal.

#### Trial of Fenian Prisoners on Charge of High Treason, at Green Street Court, Dublin, Ireland.

The scene depicted in our illustration is one now of daily occurrence in Dublin. It makes a melancholy ending of the Fenian movement, since the English Government will probably treat the prisoners in the style with which it usually treats this kind of offenders against itself. The farcical display of justice exhibited in the similar trials of a year ago will probably be repeated, since already they have succeeded in obtaining traitors enough to testify whatever the Crown wishes.

## THE DEMON JOCKEY;

### A STEEPLE-CHASE FOR LIFE!

BY CHAS. PORTER SUMNER.

#### CHAPTER I.

"A horrid spectre rises to my sight,  
Close to my side, and plain, and palpable,  
In all good seeming and close circumstance,  
As man meets man."

—JOHANNA BAILLIE'S *Ethwald*, Part II.

THE Honorable Henry Kirwan, of Castle Hackett, in the ancient kingdom of Connaught, the representative, in the early part of the present century, of a family whose pedigree was derived from the old-time monarchs of that province, was a gentleman well-known in the sporting world, and especially on the turf, to all the "bloods" of the day. When he attained his majority he came into possession of an ample estate, entirely unencumbered—a curious fact, when we recollect that it was an Irish estate in the year 1815—and, very soon afterward, he married Catharine, only daughter of Sir Richard Walling, a Yorkshire baronet, who brought him thirty thousand pounds as her dowry.

Blessed with a handsome wife who truly loved him; a splendid estate and plenty of ready money; together with health, cheerfulness, and a stalwart person, it might be supposed that the lord of Castle Hackett would be content. Nevertheless the Honorable Henry was by no means satisfied. After the first year of wedded life, and the birth of his first son, he discovered that the monotonous, uneventful life of a lord of the manor, could not gratify his craving for excitement, and, accordingly, he cast about him for some pursuit which would relieve his weariness and furnish him with such occupation as he craved.

He was not long in doubt as to his choice. The age was one notorious for gambling of all kinds. Wagers on every conceivable subject were the common amusement of all who had money to bet, and of many who made all the money they ever possessed in that way. Castle Hackett was celebrated for its hospitality long before our hero was born, and it is not strange that, among the numerous guests who now luxuriated in its lordly chambers, there were some who did not scruple to tempt their host into seeking excitement through this amusement. Cards and dice naturally followed simple betting, and, before he was twenty-five, Henry Kirwan was a gentleman-gambler—if a title so incongruous is not a misnomer—of the first water.

One predilection—hereditary and deeply rooted—saved him, however, from a ruin as speedy as his professed admirers undoubtedly desired. He was a passionate lover of horses, and before his ruin had even commenced, through the "odd tricks," in a double sense, of the card-table, he suddenly awoke to the knowledge that he could combine the excitement of play and his equine love in one pursuit, by becoming a patron of the turf.

From the hour when this brilliant conception first entered his mind Kirwan's whole life was changed. Blacklegs, card sharps and more honorable gamblers at the table, gradually dropped out of his society; and book-makers, hedgers and crossers, took their places. Jockeys, trainers, grooms and veterinary surgeons were among his retainers, and any horse-dealer who had "a bit of blood" to dispose of, was sure of a hearty welcome at Castle Hackett.

It must not be supposed, however, that Kirwan was by any means a dupe to these gentry. His

knowledge of horse-flesh was equal, if not superior, to that of the generality of professionals, and it was a smart man, indeed, "who took him in" at a horse-trade; or deceived him into staking his money on the wrong animal in a race. Thus it was that many years passed away without bringing debt and misery upon him, though he was celebrated, throughout the three kingdoms, as the most daring better on the turf. At the age of thirty-two he possessed the finest racing stud in Ireland; his estate was still unembarrassed; his wife had given him three sons, and loved him as fondly as ever; and if he had been asked what he considered the acme of human felicity, he would have described his own condition to a hair.

Fortune's smiles, nevertheless, are fickle, and, at about the age I have mentioned, the coy dame began occasionally to look coldly upon him. At the Doncaster Meeting of 1826 he lost upward of twenty thousand pounds upon the favorite—who had been backed by all the knowing ones as a certain winner—but who broke a blood-vessel, when far advanced of all competitors, and was distanced, dying on the track before the race was finished. The next year he nearly retrieved this loss, but, at the St. Leger of the following year, he lost nearly double the amount.

A series of misfortunes followed, which, in a short time, compelled him to relinquish the English turf and confine his operations to the more moderate wagers customary to Ireland. He now sought to recover some of his departed gold by instituting a series of private matches, in which his own horses were almost sure to win, and, after a time, the Connaught Steeple-Chases at Castle Hackett were celebrated throughout the land.

Such was the history of Henry Kirwan up to the date of our story, and it has been necessary to be thus particular in relating it, in order to render clear that which follows. From the summit of human happiness and wealth he was now descending the steep path to ruin—a ruin which he plainly discerned before him, but which he had not the moral courage to avoid. An inveterate gambler by nature, that, and his passion for horses, made it impossible for him to relinquish the sport which was sure to be his destruction.

On a bright June morning, in the year 1830, the lord of Castle Hackett was seated, all alone, before a well-spread breakfast-table, unable to swallow a morsel. In singular and ominous contrast to the massive plate which adorned the board, there rested, just before him on the table, a pair of elegant dueling pistols, which it was evident he had been examining. Let us hasten to say, however, that no intention of engaging in mortal combat with any other human being possessed his mind. His sad thoughts dwelt solely upon himself, and sitting at his own bountiful board, surrounded by every luxury that eye or heart could desire, *Henry Kirwan was deliberately making up his mind to commit suicide!*

The reason for this extraordinary intention is soon related. The ruin, that he had seen slowly but surely approaching, for many months, was now close upon him. Another day would, in all human probability, render himself and his family homeless beggars, and, as this confession is, he was too great a coward to face the inevitable catastrophe. For himself, alone, he might have borne it, but his wife and children!—no! he could never announce to them the misery to which he had consigned them.

A fortnight previously, dining with a party of his friends at the house of a mutual acquaintance, he had rashly, and when under the influence of wine, offered to stake an enormous sum—more than the value of all the property that now remained to him—on a horse which he had himself bred—a racer of the purest blood. A wealthy individual who hated him intensely caught at the offer instantly, and before poor Kirwan realized what he was doing the wager was booked, and he was bound in a sum that, if he lost, would entail utter ruin upon him.

Had the stake been reasonable there would have been nothing improper in the match, for Kirwan was well assured that no horse in Ireland could beat his animal in a steeple-chase, no matter how long, or how short, the distance; but beyond the extravagance of the wager there was another consideration equally important. Friar—the horse he had backed—was possessed of so singular a temper that only one man in the country—the groom who had attended him from the time he was a foal—ever dared to ride him when he was to be forced to his full speed. Ordinarily a child might restrain him, but, once urged to exhibit his full powers, and he became perfectly unmanageable by any person but this man, who had no particular desire to try the experiment himself.

Up to noon of the day previous to that on which we find Kirwan sitting at his breakfast, gazing moodily at his pistols, he had felt no very great anxiety on the subject of the race, though he had experienced some compunction in regard to the amount depending on it. He was so thoroughly convinced of the superiority of his horse, however, and so confident of the trustworthiness of his proposed rider—who had been in his service since he came into possession of the estate—that he entertained no doubt of winning—a result which would restore to him nearly all he had lost in past years.

An event utterly unanticipated was, notwithstanding, destined to shatter this air-drawn castle to its foundation. The man who had accepted his wager was a villain, without principle or remorse. He had long nourished a hatred of Kirwan, engendered by the latter's superiority of mind and popularity, and he had led him on to offer this particular challenge, for the express purpose of ruining him. The villain knew the peculiarity of the horse's temper, and had planned his scheme upon it. The news which Kirwan had received on the noon of the previous day was—that the only man who could, or would, ride Friar in a race, had disappeared!

The first shock of the communication completely stunned Kirwan. He knew, at once, who was the author of the misfortune, and that it would be utterly useless to institute a search for the abducted groom; there was neither clue nor time. The reaction, however, gave him energy, and he was not long in deciding on his plan of action. In pursuance of this, he rode over to a neighbor's house, and requested him to invite his (Kirwan's) wife and children to stay at his house until after the race-meeting, alleging that Mrs. Kirwan's health would not allow her to undertake the task of entertaining an assemblage that was likely to be boisterous. His friend gladly accepted, and Mrs. Kirwan accepted the invitation with delight, unsuspecting of its true cause. Thus left alone, the owner of Castle Hackett—so soon in all probability to pass from him—sat down to look his position calmly in the face.

At first he half resolved to ride the horse himself, but mature reflection convinced him that this would only be to add disgrace to certain defeat, as he, personally, had never been able even to mount the animal. To find any one else to perform the task was equally impossible, but nevertheless he sent messengers about the country to offer large sums for a rider, though he felt that their errand would be fruitless. Thus it was that, after a night of sleepless anguish, we find him in the situation we have before described.

Pushing back his chair from the table, at which he was unable to eat, Kirwan took up one of the pistols and began idly to play with the lock, while the thoughts, which had been tormenting him for so many hours, found vent in a muttered soliloquy:

"Friends, fortune, credit, home! all gone in one fell swoop!" he whispered. "What is there left to me but death? If I were alone I would brave the worst, and thank God for health to enable me to fight the world; but my dear wife and darling children! beggars, through my folly! Ah!" he added, with a sigh, after a brief pause, "if monkish tales were true, and the devil really seeks to make compacts with men for their souls, he would have a cheap bargain of mine, should he chance upon me now!"

To his profound astonishment a voice, almost at his elbow, responded to this singular reflection with a loud "Ahem!" as if the owner of it was at once desirous of clearing his throat and attracting his attention.

Looking up, he beheld a sight which, from its unexpected nature, caused him to start from his seat in surprise and alarm. Yet the vision was one not at all calculated to frighten the most timid. It was merely the figure of a short, slim man, with a red head and a smiling, good-humored countenance, who stood at the foot of the table regarding him with the peculiar mixture of audacity and bashfulness common to those rustics who find themselves unexpectedly in the presence of their superiors. The man wore a complete jockey suit, that had evidently seen long and hard usage, but was thoroughly correct in detail, and he stood, twirling the little cap in both hands, perfectly unconscious of the surprise he occasioned, and as if waiting to be addressed. Personally, therefore, he could not be the cause of alarm, but the mystery was—how did he get into the room? Kirwan had long ago dismissed the servant, and locked the door after him when he departed. Both the windows appeared to be fastened, and unless the man came down the chimney, it seemed impossible that he should have entered without attracting attention.

"How the—did you get in here?" was the first question the startled lord of the manor pronounced.

"Through the window, squire," was the prompt reply, the man executing a broad grin as he spoke. "I couldn't make none o' the flunkies hear me at the door, and seeing you at your breakfast, I made bold to step in. You was so busy looking at them pops, you didn't hear me."

This certainly explained all the mystery of the intrusion, for the windows were level with the lawn and one of them might have been open.

"And what do you want, now you are here?" was Kirwan's second question, somewhat angrily put.

"Why, squire," answered the intruder, visibly embarrassed by his interlocutor's wrath, "you see—they say—that is, I heard—that you wanted a rider for Friar."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Kirwan, interrupting him with little ceremony, as the singular coincidence of this reply with the tenor of his impious soliloquy rushed upon his mind. "Are you the devil, then?"

The man stared at him as if he suspected his sanity, but almost instantly responded:

"Not quite, your worship, though I be bad enough, mayhap. But if Friar is a devil, it don't take a devil to ride him, and I think I can do it!"

Ashamed of the outburst which extreme surprise had drawn from him, and convinced, now, that the stranger, whoever he was, was a human being, Kirwan was also inexpressibly rejoiced at the intruder's concluding sentence. Ride Friar? why, if this man could really do it, he should triumph over his enemy, save his fortune, and still live to revel in the love of his wife and children! It was astonishing how quickly he lost sight of the mystery and coincidence of the man's appearance as this reflection occurred to him. The man was a true man—a thorough jockey—but, hold! was he a jockey at all? It was best to be cautious and certain before indulging in raptures.

"Who are you, any how?" demanded Kirwan.

"Shawn Bawn" (Fair John), replied the man, "at your honor's bidding."

Fair John! certainly not a name the devil would have chosen. Shawn Bawn (Black John) would most probably have been his majesty's choice, and he was generally known to be black-visaged instead of fair. Kirwan's confidence rose.

"And where did you come from, Shawn?" was his next interrogatory.

"Ax me no questions and I tell you no lies, your

honor," was the unexpected answer, delivered with an emphasis there was no mistaking—the man did not choose to be questioned as to his antecedents. "Faith, the fact is that I don't want you, nor any one, to know more about me—in regard of a reason. If I ride Friar, and I can ride him—that's all you want o' me."

This was undeniably true, and our hero, respecting the man's secret, altered the tenor of his questions. He now interrogated him as to his knowledge of horses and horsemanship, and here he found his strange acquaintance was thoroughly at home. He seemed to be perfectly familiar with almost every celebrated horse in Ireland; knew the names of their owners and their pedigrees; and if he had been bred up in a stable from his infancy, he could not have been better acquainted with equine domestic and public life. If he could ride as well as he talked, he was a treasure indeed!

The dialogue went on; and, warming with the subject, Kirwan totally forgot the mystery attending Shawn Bawn's self-introduction. Ere long he had fully accepted the man's proffered services, the latter's only stipulation being that he should be taken into his honor's service if he won the race, frankly stating that "in regard of the reason" he had alluded to, he had no hope of getting a place elsewhere. To this the lord of Castle Hackett agreed without demur—if the race was won, a man, more or less, about the place, was a matter of perfect indifference; and that Shawn was perfectly confident of winning was evinced by the concluding sentences of the conversation.

"You say," asked Shawn, when the preliminaries had all been settled, and, in his turn, becoming the questioner—"you say that you have bet the valley of Castle Hackett and your honor's whole property?"

"Ay, and more," was Kirwan's terse answer, accompanied by a portentous sigh.

"Well, then, bet your stud, and your carriages, and your wife's jewelry and everything you can rake and scrape that's money's worth!" said the singular jockey, emphatically. "We'll turn the tables on 'em so that their heads shall swim. But, mind now—listen to me close. I've been over the whole ground where the race is to be run, and I know it as well as if I was born on it. Hang off on your bets and don't close 'em till you see me on the top of the small hill by Lanty's brook. The real work will all be done by that time, and I'll know sure if I'm goin' to win. If you see me wave my whip three times, so"—and the jockey illustrated with his cap—"lay on every-thing you dare to and take all the odds! After that I'll either be ready for a turf blanket—or I'll win the race!"

This closed the interview, and Kirwan, with a heart much lighter, directed Shawn to go to the kitchen and refresh himself—after which he would, personally, introduce him to Friar, and then ride out with him in order to observe his horsemanship. The man blithely departed, and Kirwan, profoundly ashamed of his despair in the morning, hastened to hide his pistols in their box. This done, he walked to the windows, intending to fasten them; one of them was certainly open if Shawn had entered through it. To his astonishment both were securely fastened! and the bolts were of such a complicated nature, no man unacquainted with them could have closed them without noise and trouble!

Profoundly meditating on the singularity of the whole occurrence, the lord of Castle Hackett took his pistol-case under his arm, and slowly left the room, to give orders for the due entertainment of his mysterious jockey.

#### CHAPTER II.

"Now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous."  
—Henry IV., Part I. SHAKESPEARE.

THE morning of the race, the day big with fate to more than one who stood upon the hill where the start was to be made, dawned gloomily, as such a day should dawn. Gray clouds obscured the whole face of the sky, and lowered upon the horizon in heavy folds, reminding the misanthrope of a funeral pall. The weather was dry, however, and the ground in splendid order for the sport, so gray clouds, and funerals, had little place in the thoughts of the merry, shouting crowd who thronged Apherpe Rise.

From this point nearly the whole country over which the steeple-chase was to be ridden could be seen. The starting and winning post were one and the same, the course of the run being as nearly an exact circle as the nature of the country would permit, and Apherpe Rise had been selected for the "start" and "finish" from the very fact of its convenience as a point of observation.

The course itself was a desperate one. Extending from the rise nearly a mile and a half in a straight line, the whole distance to be traversed was quite four miles, and when it is added that no less than nineteen leaps were to be made during the run, it will be seen that the task was arduous enough to try the powers of the best animals. Some of the leaps were fearful, and two, especially, have to be noted. The first was a wide brook, with a stake hedge on the near side, the whole making a jump of over twenty feet, to be taken from the most awkward approach imaginable. This was the "Lanty's Brook," referred to by Shawn Bawn in his interview with Kirwan, at the foot of the hill from the summit of which he was to make his signal. A glance at the place proved the truth of his assertion that the work would be done when he reached that point, for it was evident that all but the best horses would be "pounded" at the brook.

The other leap to be noticed was within two hundred yards of the winning-post, at the summit of the ascent which would bring the racers on a level with Apherpe Rise. It was a Hawthorn hedge and a narrow ditch, not an extraordinary leap if taken from good ground, but here it was



to be made from a shelving slope, up which the horses had to be forced before reaching it.

So much for the course—let us now turn to the crowd which, at ten o'clock in the morning, filled every inch of space on the summit of the hill and overflowed into the meadows below it. Noblemen, knights of the shire, gentry of all classes, squires and farmers, were mingled in one motley group, with the ragged peasantry—most of the real fun, however, seeming to be enjoyed by the latter—while ladies of every degree reclined in their luxurious carriages, and enlivened the scene with the brilliance of their costumes and the sparkle of their eyes.

To describe at length the elements of the gathering at an Irish country race would take more time and space than our limits will allow. Suffice it to say that no other assemblage in the world could equal it for noise, confusion, strange sounds and sights and good-humored fun, every man appearing to consider that his neighbor, whoever he might be, was a fair subject for jest and railery, which, of course, was returned with interest in the same jovial spirit.

One group in particular demands our attention, for with it our interest, as far as this tale is concerned, chiefly rests. This was composed mainly of the gentlemen who had been present at the dinner when the match was made, and nearly all of them had entered a horse for the race. Sir Frederick Bellingham, the man who had accepted Kirwan's large wager, was the most conspicuous, and it was plain from his manner that he was particularly pleased about something, though he did not disclose what this was. None of the others knew anything about the disappearance of Kirwan's groom, and their only hope of winning rested on the well-known temper of the horse. Sir Frederick had a more assured hope, but he was careful to keep it to himself.

As the hour approached at which the horses were to start, some surprise began to be manifested at the non-appearance of Kirwan and his steed. Neither had yet arrived, and it now wanted but a few minutes of the designated time. While several of the gentlemen present offered remarks explanatory or censorious in regard to this unaccountable want of punctuality on the part of the original proposer of the race, Sir Frederick sat on his horse, smiling grimly as he thought of the consternation which would follow the disclosure he expected.

Kirwan could not refuse to appear at last, and as the match was p.p. (play or pay) he would have no alternative but to acknowledge that he had lost his bet.

In the midst of his secret felicitations at the hoped-for ruin of his rival, imagine his astonishment when he beheld the object of his hatred riding swiftly up the hill, apparently undisturbed at the misfortune which Sir Frederick knew had befallen him.

The next moment Kirwan was in the midst of the group, smiling, jesting, and apologizing for his late appearance.

"I hope I have not delayed you, gentlemen?" said he, politely.

"Not at all. It wants ten minutes of saddling time yet," was the reply. "But where's Friar?"

"He will be here in five minutes," answered Kirwan, coolly. "He doesn't like a crowd, so I have kept him in the stable until the last moment."

Sir Frederick Bellingham could contain himself no longer.

"But I thought," exclaimed he in surprise—"that is to say, I heard, that Barney, your groom—"

"Has disappeared!" said Kirwan, taking up the sentence where the other had dropped it, aware at last that he had betrayed himself.

"Yes, gentlemen," added the owner of Friar, turning to his companion, "some kind friend has thought proper to reward Barney for his faithful service to me, by giving him a retirement in his old age! I cannot find him anywhere."

The news fell like a thunderbolt on the assembled sportsmen; they all knew Friar's peculiar disposition perfectly.

"You don't mean to run, then?" "Who'll ride for you?" "Good Heavens! you will be ruined!" were some of the exclamations which saluted him from the astonished crowd.

"I do mean to run, gentlemen," replied Kirwan, fixing his eyes on Bellingham, who covered beneath his gaze. "I trust I shall not be ruined, and I have secured a rider. Here he comes, indeed," he added, pointing down the hill; "and I think you will allow that neither horse or man seem to be afraid of each other."

He had hardly ceased speaking when the crowd uttered a ringing cheer, in the midst of which Shawn, mounted on Friar, rode slowly into the open space by the weighing-stand, and coolly dismounted. Friar seemed gentle as a lamb, and even rubbed his head against his new jockey's shoulder, as if glad to have him smooth his arching neck. Pale with passion and disappointment, Sir Frederick gazed with terror upon the scene; but chancing to glance at Kirwan, he observed that the latter was ill at ease, though he strove to hide it, and the villain again took courage. The new jockey was entirely unknown. It was possible that Kirwan knew as little of him as the others. There was a chance yet that Friar would prove vicious as usual, when urged to his speed, and the race be lost as he had hoped. From that moment the traitor awaited the event with calmness, if not with certainty.

As for the strange jockey, he appeared perfectly certain, for, while the operation of saddling was being performed, he took occasion to exchange a few words with his employer.

"If you see my whip in the air at the Priest's Hill," said he, "take every bet that is offered."

"Remember," returned Kirwan, in a deep whisper, "if you lose, you lose my life! I will not live an hour under the ruin which must follow!"

"Make your mind easy," replied Shawn, coolly; "nothing less than the death of the horse, and perhaps not that, will cause me to lose!"

There was no time for more. The judge's bell rang, and in two minutes more the seven horses which were to contend in the race had been assigned their positions, and were drawn up, ready to start at the signal. This was given, and away they went, down the slope into the meadow, and over the soft ground at the foot of the hill, like rockets from a gun! The start was a fine one, the horses getting away neck and neck; but before they had crossed the meadow to the first leap, Friar began to lag behind. Either the strange jockey was making a waiting race, or he had already lost command of the animal. The

former was Kirwan's hope, the latter Sir Frederick's. Which was right will soon be told.

One horse came to grief at the first leap and threw its rider; two others refused the fourth leap, and from that moment had no chance. At the eighth leap a fourth steed staked himself, and a fifth was so strained that he was rapidly left behind. The ninth leap was the brook to which we have already alluded, and two horses alone reached it. These were Friar and, by a curious fatality, Sir Frederick Bellingham's own horse—an English steed of the purest blood. Both took the jump at the same moment, and landed safely within two yards of each other. The next moment they were on the top of the Priest's Hill, side by side, and going finely together. For the first time Shawn Bawn cast a glance at his antagonist. There was something of doubt and dissatisfaction in his first look, but what he saw seemed to please him, for he smiled grimly and shook his whip thrice in the air.

We must now return for a moment to the start—now become the winning-post. From the instant that Friar had been observed to lag in the meadow a hundred voices were heard offering immense odds against him. His reputation was so well known that the crowd believed, as Sir Frederick had hoped, that his new rider had no more control over him than those who had preceded him in misfortune with the horse. As the race progressed, and Friar still held on, while the others came to grief, this opinion was slightly modified, but every one saw that he had not yet been urged to his greatest speed. The odds were still being offered therefore when the two remaining horses leaped the brook, for the knowing ones thought that, as he would have to be ridden more rapidly to beat the English horse, he would assuredly rebel as soon as forced to do so.

Meanwhile Kirwan, pale with the effort to conceal his anxiety, sat on his hack watching with desperate eagerness the progress of the contest, and listening with ill-restrained rage to the comments of his neighbors. At first he had nearly swooned when he saw Friar left behind in the meadow, but as, one by one, the other horses fell out of the field, he regained his composure, and something like hope began to creep into his heart. As they reached the brook he held his breath with fear, and continued to do so until he saw them fairly on the top of the hill. What! will he not signal? In another moment they will be out of sight! He turns!—no!—yes!—it is—it is the signal!—the whip waves in the air!

With a sigh of relief Kirwan turned to his companions and was soon busily employed in accepting and booking the bets, which were offered him on every side. In a short time he had rendered himself liable for nearly double his original wager if he lost, and, as the odds were all in his favor, stood to win an amount that would reinstate him in his former fortune. Not to be accused of exaggeration, we refrain from mentioning the amount, though the sporting records of Connaught would fully bear us out were we to do so. Suffice it to say that it was enormous, and it is not to be wondered at that our hero—as soon as he was at leisure—felt the return of all his original anxiety.

The horses, after passing over the Priest's Hill, could not again be seen until they reached the foot of Aphorpo Rise, as the course led through a valley which hid them. Seeing him so ready to take their bets, his friends soon ceased to offer them, and once more at leisure, Kirwan turned his eyes on the point where the horses would reappear.

More than his life—though that was doomed if he failed—the peace and happiness of his wife and children, depended upon the events of the next few minutes. The very pistol with which he meant to blow out his brains, if he lost, was resting on his breast, and he could feel it at every movement of his arm.

It was a horrible pause, and the only thing that sustained him under his anxiety was the mocking glance of Sir Frederick, which he accidentally caught as he passed by him.

Suddenly a shout rose from the crowd at the foot of the hill. The horses were in sight from thence, and soon afterward they could be discerned from the summit.

Side by side, they came gallantly onward, and were soon breasting the hill toward the last leap. Sir Frederick Bellingham now turned pale, indeed, for it was evident that the strange jockey had full command of Friar, and that the latter was going at his full speed.

Unless an accident occurred he would be the ruined man, and his rival triumph over him again! If ever his Satanic Majesty received a genuine prayer, it must have been at that moment from that terror-stricken villain!

It seemed as if the impious petition had been heard, for when the gallant steeds reached the difficult leap at the summit of the Rise, which we have described, Sir Frederick's horse cleared it completely, but Friar was not so fortunate. As he jumped, his hind feet slipped and he fell on the top of the hedge, but broke through, and landed "all in a heap" on the near side.

Shawn never lost his self-possession or his seat, and lifting the animal at once, urged him forward. Sir Frederick's horse had gained fifty feet, and the distance to the winning-post was only two hundred yards. An extraordinary effort alone would enable Friar to regain his lost ground in that distance, and Sir Frederick's smile now became a laugh, while poor Kirwan shuddered as he gazed.

The singular rider of Friar was, however, equal to the occasion, and by pure jockeyship, launched his horse forward with such tremendous strides that he passed the other animal when still a hundred feet from the goal.

A ringing cheer from the crowd answered the noble effort; but alas! it seemed that all would be useless, for as Friar cleared the other horse, blood was seen to be streaming from his nostrils. The noble steed reeled and staggered like a drunken man; his eyes were glazing, and the crimson torrent from his mouth dyed the ground before him as he came on.

Shawn saw the emergency, and, suddenly, when every one present expected to see the horse drop, he lifted him, as it appeared, by his own strength, and seemed to throw him forward in three tremendous leaps!

The next moment Friar fell dead at the winning-post, a winner by half a length.

It is a tradition solemnly believed in Connaught that the horse was dead twenty yards from the goal, and that the supernatural power of the strange rider enabled him to carry the animal between his legs to the post!

Standing astride of the gallant victim, as cool and collected as though he had just stepped out of bed, Shawn Bawn watched his employer's pale face as the latter hastened toward him.

"There!" said he, when Kirwan stood at his side, "I've kept my word and won the race—but it was a harder job than I thought it. You won't need a Friar any more!"

The last words seemed a sarcasm, but Kirwan heeded them not. The strain upon his nerves, which had now been constant for nearly two days, suddenly relaxed, and after a long, hard, stony stare at his jockey, he fell backward upon the ground in a deadly swoon.

Sir Frederick Bellingham, utterly ruined by the result of the race, fled to the Continent, and was never more seen in Ireland. His agents paid the wager, however, and the other bets having been settled, Kirwan found himself a richer man than ever. His wife and children never knew, until after his death, how near they had been to poverty and disgrace, but from the hour of his swoon on Aphorpo Rise, the lord of Castle Hackett never wagered a greater sum than a hundred pounds on any race. The skin of the gallant Friar was carefully taken off, and, splendidly stuffed and mounted, it still stands in the great Hall of Castle Hackett, a monument of his unconscious sacrifice for the welfare of his owner.

As for Shawn Bawn, he remained at Castle Hackett for the rest of his life, living on the fat of the land and doing nothing except what suited him. The mystery of his origin, and opportune appearance at the Castle, was never cleared up. Hundreds interested themselves in the quest, but where he was born, where he came from, or what his real name was, could never be discovered. The peasants still firmly believe that he was a devil in disguise, but the usual result of a compact with the fiend did not occur in Kirwan's case, for he died in the odor of sanctity and was buried with his fathers, having lived to a hale old age, a rich and honored man.

Dear reader, the main facts of this tale are true, and if you ever have the good fortune to journey in beautiful Connaught, you will hear, from any old wife there (much better related, doubtless, than I have told it), this story of the Demon Jockey of Castle Hackett.

#### The Champion Racket-players and the International Match.

FREDERICK FOULKES, the American champion, is a native of Leamington, England, and about thirty-three years of age. He came to Canada a number of years ago, and while there perfected himself in the game in which he is now an acknowledged proficient. From Canada he came to New York, and facing a challenge some two years since, met and vanquished the formidable Dr. Devie, then the champion, and thus won his claim to the title he bears. For some time past he has been engaged as superintendent of the New York Racket Court in Thirteenth street, and during his holding of that office he has secured the respect and friendship of all the patrons of the game. He is about five feet seven inches in height; easy and graceful in his movements, smart as lightning, always on the alert, and in fine, endowed with all the qualities that contribute toward making a first-class racket-player.

William Gray, the champion of Great Britain and Ireland, is only twenty-one years of age, and a master of the science of rackets, if rackets be a science. His skill at the game is a byword on the other side of the Atlantic, and among racketeers in the United States his fame as a proficient has widely gone forth. For a long time Gray ranked first amongst amateurs, his heart was in the game, and he needs must be a skillful exponent of its mysteries. In the racket courts about London, Liverpool and the provincial cities of England, his fine play always elicited admiration, while in Dublin, which city he latterly made his headquarters, he was looked upon as an undisputed authority on the game. His matches were many and in all he was victorious. Defeating Foye, the late English champion, on two occasions, he superseded that gentleman in the championship. Anxious to win fresh laurels, and finding none who would oppose him in the Old World, he turned his attention to this New World of ours, and sent a challenge to the American champion, Frederick Foulkes. The challenge was freely accepted, and recently the young Englishman arrived in New York, and immediately commenced practicing for the match of the 22d of April.

The Racket Court in Thirteenth street has all the attributes that go to make up a first-class establishment. Spacious and lofty, the balls may fly about as merrily as they please, dance and jump over the floor, dodging the players and avoiding the not too tender buffeting of the rackets. The walls are of red brick, their surface even as a sheet of ice, and the floor, of the same material, will cause a ball to rebound, it matters not how little vitality it may have left. The court is well lighted and ventilated through windows in the roof, and two galleries, not the most spacious, it must be confessed, afford an opportunity for spectators to watch the progress of a game like that of the 22nd inst. The court is owned by the New York Racket Club, an organization made up of gentlemen of the highest standing in New York. The game was played under the following articles of agreement, entered into on the 26th of March, 1867, by William Gray, of Great Britain, and Frederick Foulkes, of New York, in the United States of America, whereby both consent to play a home and home match at rackets for £500 a side, the best of seven games in each count of match and match. The player scoring the most games to be the winner, and to receive the whole of the stakes, £1,000. If the games are equal, then the player scoring the greatest number of aces in both matches to be declared the winner, and to receive the stakes of £1,000. The referee shall take the number of aces scored by each player after each game is over. The umpires and referee shall be in a position in the gallery apart by themselves, in order that their attention may not be taken off the game. The first match of the best of seven games to come off on the 22d day of April, 1867, in the Clubroom Racket-Court, No. 55 West Thirteenth street, near Fifth avenue; the second match of the best of seven games to come off in the Ulster Club Racket-Court, Belfast, Ireland, July 1, 1867. Both men to be in the courts at 2 p.m. on the days before named. Two umpires and one referee shall be mutually chosen previous to the commencement of each match; the said umpires and referee to be gentlemen of position; each man to play under the rules of each court. The winner shall pay the loser £20 toward his expenses. Each man shall have twenty-one days' practice on his opponent's court previous to the days of play. The whole of the stakes to be deposited in the hands of the proprietor of *Bell's Life*, London, before the commencement of each match. The matches to be played with balls usually supplied to the courts. All disputes to be submitted to the umpires; if they cannot agree, the decision of the referee to be final. At 13 all the out-players shall have the privilege of setting to five, and at 14 all setting to three. The stakes to be handed over to the winner on the termination of the last match. Either party failing to comply with these rules to forfeit the money staked.

Of the seven games played, each player won three, so that the excitement upon the seventh was intense. It was won, however, by Mr. Gray, who thus won the match. The winner expects to leave soon for Europe, where he will be followed by Mr. Foulkes, to prepare for the next match.

#### OUR ARTIST ON HAIRDRESSING.

DEAR L.—You know I always go to nature, as the fount from whence to draw suggestions, or such ideas as I count are real and founded upon truth, and which against the gnawing tooth of Time, the great destroyer, will last and stronger grow as years pass over in this vale of tears. Therefore, I will employ a few minutes to show that the ladies should go to work in a similar way in designing the things they wear on their hair, and to natural objects their ideas confining, succeed in giving thus an air at once quite artistic, striking

and new, as you'll see in the sketches I hear send to you. Take this for example—



THE PINEAPPLE STYLE.

How sweet this would be for a bride; just think what a flavor 'twould give to a smile, and what it suggests to a lover the while, as he walks entranced at her side. Then for a beauty, both idle and slow, take this which I christen



THE SNAIL.

It would suit certain types of women I know, and as it were "hit on the nail," the need of appropriate fashion in dress, which every one readily sees more or less. The while for a flirt, who not only can charm, but wound if we should come too near, this



LOBSTER.

would serve to warn us from harm, and still be quite charming to wear. While now that the turf has become such a power, this style as



THE JOCKEY.

would do well for our fast beauties who handle the whip or the fan with equal grace in attracting their man. For the present these few suggestions will do. I'll return to the matter again. So trusting these sketches will not be in vain, I sign myself yours,

TURKLE.



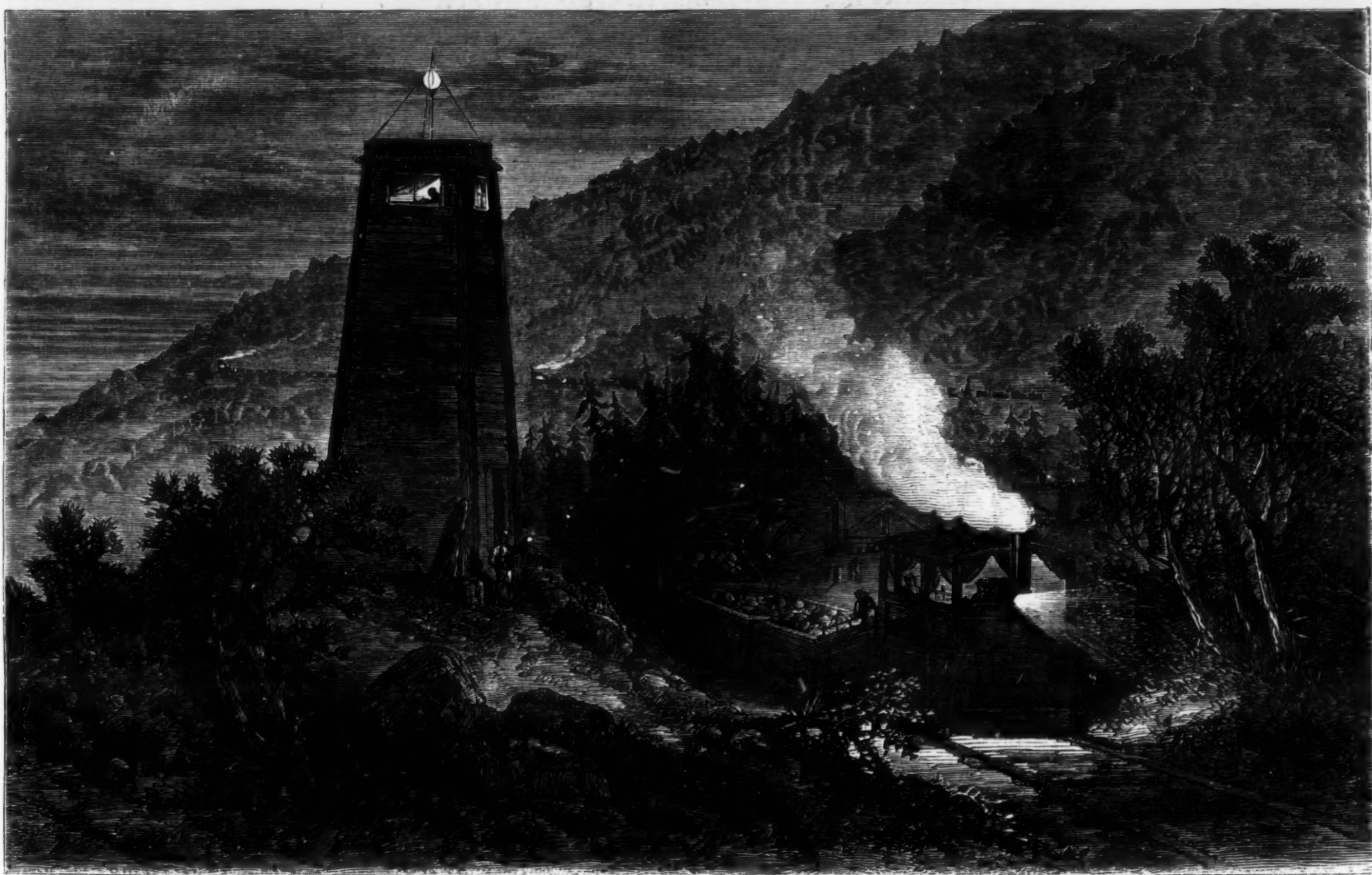


OYSTER STALLS AND LUNCH ROOMS AT FULTON MARKET, FULTON STREET, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 137.



A FLOOD OF FISH AT NEENAH, WISCONSIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY R. L. M.—SEE PAGE 137.





THE COAL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA—A SIGNAL STATION ON THE INCLINED PLANE, NEAR ASHLAND.

#### The Signal Station on the Inclined Plane, near Ashland, Pennsylvania.

THIS illustration is one of a series of the coal regions of Pennsylvania, which will prove of interest to the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, as showing how our coal is brought to market. Our picture shows the single track which winds up the Broad Mountain, near Ashland, and upon which long and heavy trains are constantly passing in both directions. To avoid collisions, these signal stations are erected at various distances, and signal the trains by day with colored balls, and at night by colored lanterns. The amount of business done in this region is enormous, and has to be so to support the great expense of constructing the inclined railway, which is seen in our illustration, winding in the distance, and ascending the mountain by a zig-zag course.

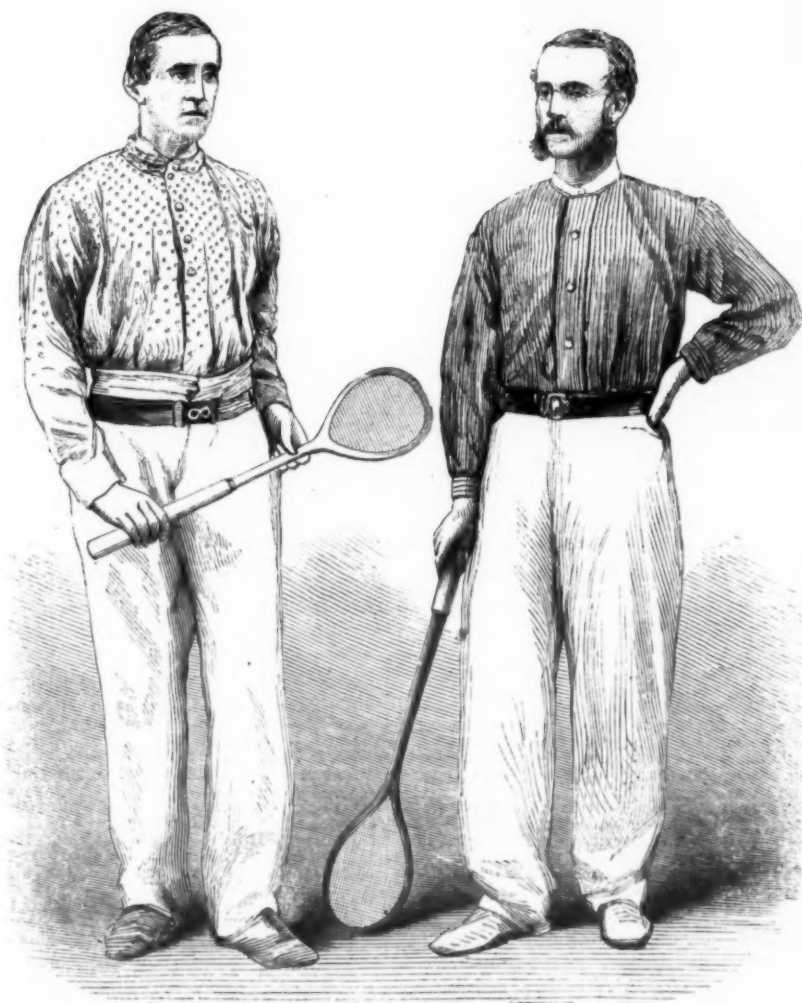
#### Oyster Stalls and Lunch Rooms at Fulton Market.

THIS illustration shows one of the peculiarities of New York down-town life. The oyster, which is almost a peculiarly New York dish, is found in Fulton Market with a freshness and succulence that is hardly equaled elsewhere. The consequence is that the amount of business done in the oyster stalls and lunch-rooms, which occupy the outskirts of the market, is enormous. The rooms at certain hours of the day are crowded with eager customers, waiting for the first vacancy that offers. The situation of New York, obliging the larger part of the inhabitants to pass all day down town in business, and the nights up town at home, renders it necessary that a lunch of some kind should be taken during the middle of the day. Among the almost innumerable lunch-rooms down town which seek to supply this demand, those about Fulton Market

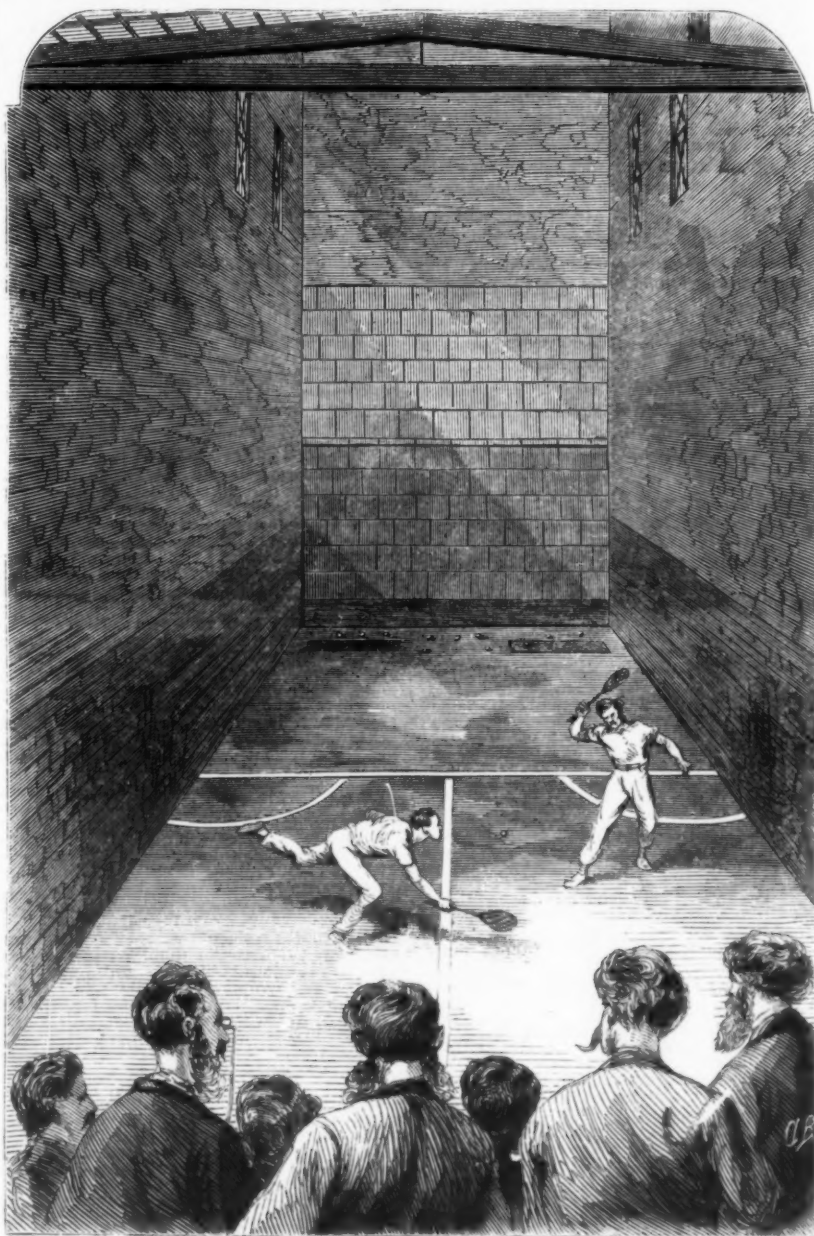
are as successful as any. The rickety and tumble-down character of the building, and the crowded and dirty condition in which it is kept, are forgotten for the inducements of the excellent savor of the oysters. For a foreigner who desires to see how the Americans of this city live, there is no more interesting and instructive place of resort than this market, with its appended oyster stalls and lunch-rooms. They are as distinctive in their way as the up-town restaurants are in another.

#### A FLOOD OF FISH.

QUITE recently this spring the villagers of Neenah and Menasha, Wisconsin, were greatly astonished at the report that the numerous mills and manufactories that line the races were compelled to stop work. Such a thing as the water failing, coming as it does from Lake Winnebago, was never heard of before, and the cause of such an unlooked-for effect was earnestly



MESSRS. FRED. FOULKES AND WILLIAM GRAY, CELEBRATED RACKET PLAYERS.—SEE PAGE 135.



THE INTERNATIONAL RACKET MATCH, AT THE RACKET COURT, WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, BETWEEN MESSRS. FOULKES AND GRAY, APRIL 22ND.—SEE PAGE 135.



sought, and was found to result from the singular cause of which we give an illustration. Our artist, who furmishes the facts, hastened to the race in Noonah, where he was told by millers who had investigated the matter that the water-wheels were unable to revolve because they were clogged with fish! Unwilling to believe such an absurd statement, he proceeded to investigate for himself, and with the following result: Commencing his investigations at the cotton factory, and going from thence to the extensive Baltic Print Works on the race, our artist found the flumes and entire race alike filled with fish. All of the races in Noonah and Menasha, and both branches of the Fox river, were literally filled with fish, to the exclusion of the water, which was thrown back by this great fish dam till the banks were in danger of overflowing! As soon as the news spread thousands of people flocked in from the villages and country to see the strange sight. Oshkosh and Appleton furnished their share of visitors. All kinds of fish, from the smallest perch to sturgeons weighing a hundred pounds, were found in abundance. There were pike, bass, sun-fish, sturgeons, cat-fish and occasionally large, fat, thundering white-fish and salmon-trout, which greeted the eyes of the boys and men, who were by this time busy in securing a supply of fish in so easy a manner as merely taking them by hand! Boys carried off strings of fish as heavy as themselves, while teamsters unloaded their freight and filled their wagons with them. It would be impossible to estimate the amount of fish secured that day. They were discovered at daybreak, and about dusk a break was effected in their ranks, and they went down the river toward Appleton and the bay, like huge islands moving in the water. The cause of this strange phenomenon is variously explained, but the most feasible theory is that the ice in Lake Winnebago commenced breaking up on the eastern shore, and, frightening the fish, sent them in huge droves to the outlet of the lake. But such a sight has never been seen before, and will probably never be seen again.

### LONG AGO!

BY R. C. SPENCER.

Long ago, long ago! dreaming I think—  
In a fancy it must have been—  
Cheeks of a faint and beautiful pink,  
And such a warm round chin!

Long ago, long ago! hands more white,  
Fairer and softer than snow!  
Lips that met mine as we said "Good-night,"  
But then, that was long ago!

Long ago, long ago! soft words said  
In such a musical tone!  
Such a marvelous smile, as her hand I led  
To the grotto we called "Our Own!"

Long ago, long ago! dreamy sweet eyes,  
Tender as dove's and mild,  
Yet full of mischief and witcheries:  
Mouth with the pout of a child!

Long ago, long ago! here I sit  
Lonely, unwedded, and old!  
No one to care—not a deuce of a bit—  
Whether I'm warm or cold!

Long ago, long ago! child that you were,  
Would you were by me here!  
Sitting, for instance, in that lull chair,  
With a laugh in your eyes so dear.

Long ago, long ago! where is the dream?  
Even that leaves me now!  
Leaving you, love, with your hair's long stream  
And the white of your pensive brow!

Long ago, long ago! under the trees,  
Where at the morn there weep  
Women, with crosses, on bended knees,  
Charming you, child, in sleep!

Long ago, long ago! gone, child, gone,  
Leaving me dreamless and lonely!  
You are a saint, dear, if ever was one!  
You were my angel only!

## THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER XIX.—WHERE DID IT COME FROM?

WHEN Christmas morning came no emissary from the bishop appeared at Hoggstock to interfere with the ordinary performance of the day's services.

"I think we need fear no further disturbance," Mr. Crawley said to his wife—and there was no further disturbance.

On the day after his walk from Framley to Barchester, and from Barchester back to Hoggstock, Mr. Crawley had risen not much the worse for his labor, and had gradually given to his wife a full account of what had taken place.

"A poor, weak man," he said, speaking of the bishop: "a poor, weak creature, and much to be pitied."

"I have always heard that she was a violent woman."

"Very violent and very ignorant, and most intrusive withal."

"And you did not answer her a word?"

"At last my forbearance with her broke down, and I bade her mind her distaff."

"What—really? Did you say those words to her?"

"Nay: as for my exact words I cannot remember them. I was thinking more of the words with which it might be fitting that I should answer the bishop. But I certainly told her that she had better mind her distaff."

"And how did she behave then?"

"I did not wait to see. The bishop had spoken and I had replied; and why should I tarry to behold the woman's violence? I had told him that he was wrong in law, and that I at least would not submit to usurped authority. There was nothing to keep me longer, and so I went without much ceremony of leave-taking. There had been little ceremony of greeting on their part, and there was less in the making of adieux on mine. They had told me that I was a thief."

"No, Josiah—surely not so? They did not use that very word?"

"I say they did—they did use the very word. But stop—I am wrong. I wrong his lordship, and I crave pardon for having done so. If my memory serve me, no expression so harsh escaped from the bishop's mouth. He gave me, indeed, to understand, more than once, that the action taken by the magistrates was tantamount to a conviction, and that I must be guilty, because they had decided there was evidence sufficient to justify a trial. But all that arose from my lord's ignorance of the administration of the laws of his country. He was very ignorant—puzzle-pated, as you may call it—led by the nose by his wife, weak as water, timid and vacillating. But he did not wish, I think, to be insolent. It was Mrs. Proudie who told me to my face that I was a thief."

"May she be punished for the cruel word!" said Mrs. Crawley. "May the remembrance that she has spoken it come, some day, heavily upon her heart!"

"Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord," answered Mr. Crawley. "We may safely leave all that alone, and rid our minds of such wishes, if it be possible. It is well, I think, that violent offenses, when committed, should be met by instant rebuke. To turn the other cheek instantly to the smiter can hardly be suitable in these days, when the hands of so many are raised to strike. But the return blow should be given only while the smart remains. She hurt me then, but what is it to me now, that she called me a thief to my face? Do I not know that all the country round, men and women, are calling me the same behind my back?"

"No, Josiah, you do not know that. They say that the thing is very strange—so strange that it requires a trial; but no one thinks you have taken that which was not your own."

"I think I did. I myself think I took that which was not my own. My poor head suffers so; so many grievous thoughts distract me, that I am like a child, and know not what I do." As he spoke thus he put both hands up to his head, leaning forward as though in anxious thought—as though he were striving to bring his mind to bear with accuracy upon past events. "It could not have been mine, and yet—"

Then he sat silent, and made no effort to continue his speech.

"And yet?" said his wife, encouraging him to proceed. If she could only learn the real truth, she thought that she might perhaps yet save him, with assistance from her friends.

"When I said I had gotten it from that man I must have been mad."

"From which man, love?"

"From the man Soames—he who accuses me. And yet, as the Lord hears me, I thought so then. The truth is, that there are times when I am not sane. I am not a thief—not before God; but I am—mad at times."

These last words he spoke very slowly, in a whisper—without excitement, indeed—with a composure which was horrible to witness. And what he said was the more terrible because she was so well convinced of the truth of his words. Of course he was no thief. She wanted no one to tell her that. As he himself had expressed it, he was no thief before God, however the money might have come into his possession. That there were times when his reason, once so fine and clear, could not act—could not be trusted to guide him right, she had gradually come to know with fear and trembling. But he himself had never before hinted his own consciousness of this calamity. Indeed, he had been so unwilling to speak of himself and of his own state that she had been unable even to ask him a question about the money lest he should suspect that she suspected him. Now he was speaking—but speaking with such heart-rending sadness, that she could hardly urge him to go on.

"You have sometimes been ill, Josiah, as any of us may be," she said, "and that has been the cause."

"There are different kinds of sickness. There is sickness of the body and sickness of the heart and sickness of the spirit; and then there is sickness of the mind, the worst of all."

"With you, Josiah, it has chiefly been the first."

"With me, Mary, it has been all of them—every one; my spirit is broken, and my mind has not been able to keep its even tenor amidst the ruins. But I will strive. I will strive. I will strive still. And if God helps me, I will prevail." Then he took up his hat and cloak and went forth among the lanes; and on this occasion his wife was glad that he should go alone.

This occurred a day or two before Christmas, and Mrs. Crawley during those days said nothing more to her husband on the subject which he had so unexpectedly discussed. She asked him no questions about the money, or as to the possibility of his exercising his memory, nor did she counsel him to plead that the false excuses given by him for his possession of the check had been occasioned by the sad slip to which sorrow had in those days subjected his memory and his intellect. But the matter had always been on her mind. Might it not be her paramount duty to do something of this at the present moment? Might it not be that his acquittal or conviction would depend on what she might now learn from him? It was clear to her that he was brighter in spirit since his encounter with the Proudie than he had ever been since the accusation had been first made against him. And she knew well that his present mood would not be of long continuance. He would fall again into his moody, silent ways, and then the chance of learning aught from him would be past, and, perhaps, for ever.

He performed the Christmas services with nothing of special despondency in his tone or manner, and his wife thought that she had never heard him give the sacrament with more impressive dignity. After the service he stood a while at the churchyard gate, and exchanged a word of courtesy as to the season with such of the families of the farmers as had staid for the Lord's supper.

"I waited at Framley for your reverence till after six—so I did," said Farmer Mangie.

"I kept the road, and walked the whole way," said Mr. Crawley. "I think I told you that I should not return to the mill. But I am not the less obliged by your great kindness."

"Say nowt o' that," said the farmer. "No doubt I had business at the mill—lots to do at the mill." Nor did he think that the fib he was telling was at all incompatible with the Holy Sacrament in which he had just taken a part.

The Christmas dinner at the parsonage was not a repeat that did much honor to the season, but it was a better dinner than the inhabitants of that house usually saw on the board before them. There was roast pork, and mince-pies, and a bottle of wine. As Mrs. Crawley with her own hand put the meat upon the table, and then, as was her custom in their house, proceeded to cut it up, she looked at her husband's face to see whether he was scrutinizing the food with painful eye. It was better that she should tell the truth at once than that she should be made to tell it, in answer to a question. Everything on the table, except

the bread and potatoes, had come in a basket from Framley Court. Pork had been sent instead of beef, because people in this country, when they kill their pigs, do sometimes give each other pork—but do not exchange joints of beef, when they slay their oxen. All this was understood by Mrs. Crawley, but she almost wished that beef had been sent, because beef would have attracted less attention. He said, however, nothing to the meat; but when his wife proposed to him that he should eat a mince-pie, he resented it.

"The bare food," said he, "is bitter enough, coming, as it does; but that would choke me." She did not press it, but ate one herself, as otherwise her girl would have been forced also to refuse the dainty.

That evening, as soon as Jane was in bed, she resolved to ask him some further questions.

"You will have a lawyer, Josiah—will you not?" she said.

"Why should I have a lawyer?"

"Because he would know what questions to ask, and how questions on the other side should be answered."

"I have no questions to ask, and there is only one way in which questions should be answered. I have no money to pay a lawyer."

"But, Josiah, in such a case as this, where your honor, and our very life depend upon it—"

"Depend upon what?"

"On your acquittal."

"I shall not be acquitted. It is as well to look it in the face at once. Lawyer, or no lawyer, they will say that I took the money. Were I upon the jury, trying the case myself, knowing all that I know now—and as he said this he struck forth with his hands into the air—"I think that I should say so myself. A lawyer will do no good. It is here. It is here." And again he put his hands up to his head.

So far she had been successful. At this moment it had, in truth, been her object to induce him to speak of his own memory, and not of the aid that a lawyer might give. The proposition of the lawyer had been brought in to introduce the subject.

"But, Josiah—"

"Well?"

It was very hard for her to speak. She could not bear to torment him by any allusion to his own deficiencies. She could not endure to make him think that she suspected him of any frailty either in intellect or thought. Wife-like, she desired to worship him, and that he should know that she worshiped him. But if a word might save him!

"Josiah, where did it come from?"

"Yes," said he; "yes; that is the question. Where did it come from?"—and he turned sharp upon her, looking at her with all the power of his eyes.

"It is because I can not tell you where it came from that I ought to be—either in Bedlam, as a madman, or in the county jail, as a thief." The words were so dreadful to her that she could not utter at the moment another syllable. "How is a man—to think himself—fit—for a man's work, when he cannot answer his wife such a plain question as that?" Then he paused again. "They should take me to Bedlam at once—at once—at once. That would not disgrace the children as the jail will do."

Mrs. Crawley could ask no further questions on that evening.

### CHAPTER XX.—WHAT MR. WALKER THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

It had been suggested to Mr. Roberts, the parson of Framley, that he should endeavor to induce his old acquaintance, Mr. Crawley, to employ a lawyer to defend him at his trial, and Mr. Roberts had not forgotten the commission which he had undertaken. But there were difficulties in the matter of which he was well aware. In the first place Mr. Crawley was a man whom it had not at any time been easy to advise on matters private to himself; and, in the next place, this was a matter on which it was very hard to speak to the man implicated, let him be whom he would. Mr. Roberts had come round to the generally accepted idea that Mr. Crawley had obtained possession of the check illegally—acquiring his friend in his own mind of theft, simply by supposing that he was wool-gathering when the check came in his way. But in speaking to Mr. Crawley it would be necessary—so he thought—to pretend a conviction that Mr. Crawley was as innocent in fact as in intention.

He had almost made up his mind to dash at the subject when he met Mr. Crawley walking through Framley to Barchester, but he had abstained, chiefly because Mr. Crawley had been too quick for him, and had got away. After that he resolved that it would be almost useless for him to go to work unless he should be provided with a lawyer ready and willing to undertake the task; and as he was not so provided at present, he made up his mind that he would go into Silverbridge, and see Mr. Walker, the attorney there. Mr. Walker always advised everybody in those parts about every thing, and would be sure to know what would be the proper thing to be done in this case. So Mr. Roberts got into his gig, and drove himself into Silverbridge, passing very close to Mr. Crawley's house on his road. He drove at once to Mr. Walker's office, and on arriving there found that the attorney was not at that moment within. But Mr. Winthrop was within. Would Mr. Roberts see Mr. Winthrop? Now, seeing Mr. Winthrop was a very different thing from seeing Mr. Walker, although the two gentlemen were partners. But still Mr. Roberts said that he would see Mr. Winthrop. Perhaps Mr. Walker might return while he was there.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Roberts?" asked Mr. Winthrop.

Mr. Roberts said that he wished to see Mr. Walker about that poor fellow Crawley.

"Ah, yes; very sad case! So much sadder being a clergyman, Mr. Roberts. We are really quite sorry for him; we are, indeed. We wouldn't have touched the case ourselves if we could have helped ourselves. We wouldn't, indeed. But we are obliged to take all that business here. At any rate he'll get nothing but fair usage from us."

"I am sure of that. You don't know whether he has employed any lawyer as yet to defend him?"

"I can't say. We don't know, you know. I should say he had—probably some Barchester attorney. Borleys & Bonstock, in Barchester, are very good people—very good people, indeed; for that sort of business, I mean, Mr. Roberts. I don't suppose they have much county property in their hands."

Mr. Roberts knew that Mr. Winthrop was a fool, and that he could get no useful advice from him. So he suggested that he would take his gig down to the inn, and call back again before long.

"You'll find that Walker knows no more than I do about it," said Mr. Winthrop, "but of course he'll be glad to see you if he happens to come in."

So Mr. Roberts went to the inn, put up his horse, and then, as he sauntered back up the

street, met Mr. Walker coming out of the private door of his house.

"I've been at home all the morning," he said, "but I've had a stiff job of work on hand, and told them to say in the office that I was not in. Seen Winthrop, have you? I don't suppose he did know that I was here. The clerks often know more than the partners. About Mr. Crawley, is it? Come into my dining-room, Mr. Roberts, where we shall be alone. Yes; it is a bad case; a very bad case. The pity is that anybody should ever have said anything about it. Lord bless me, if I'd been Soames I'd have let him have the twenty pounds. Lord Luffton would never have allowed Soames to lose it."

"But Mr. Soames wanted to find out the truth."

"Yes—that was just it. Soames couldn't bear to think that he should be left in the dark, and then, when the poor man said that Soames had paid the check to him in the way of business—it was not odd that Soames's back should have been up, was it? But, Mr. Roberts, I should have thought a deal about it before I should have brought such a man as Mr. Crawley before a bench of magistrates on that charge."

"But between you and me, Mr. Walker, did he steal the money?"

"Well, Mr. Roberts, you know how I am placed."

"Mr. Crawley is my friend, and of course I want to assist him. I was under a great obligation to Mr. Crawley once, and I wish to befriend him, whether he took the money or not. But I could act so much better if I felt sure one way or the other."

"If you ask me, I think he did take it."

"What!—stole it?"

"I think he knew it was not his own when he took it. You see I don't think he meant to use it when he took it. He, perhaps, had some queer idea that Soames had been hard on him, or his lordship, and that the money was fairly his due. Then he kept the check by him till he was absolutely badgered out of his life by the butcher up the street there. That was about the long and the short of it, Mr. Roberts."

"I suppose so. And now what had he better do?"

"Well, if you ask me—He is in very bad health, isn't he?"

"No; I should say not. He walked to Barchester and back the other day."

"Did he? But he's very queer, isn't he?"

"Very odd-mannered, indeed."

"And does and says all manner of odd things?"

"I think you'd find the bishop would say so after that interview."

"Well, if it would do any good you might have the bishop examined."

"Examined for what, Mr. Walker?"

"If you could show, you know, that Crawley has got a bee in his bonnet; that the *mens sana* is not there, in short—I think you might manage to have the trial postponed."

"But somebody must take charge of this living."

"You parsons could manage that among you—you and the dean and archdeacon. The archdeacon has got half-a-dozen curates about somewhere. And then, after the assizes, Mr. Crawley might come to his senses; and I think—mind it's only an idea—but I think the committal might be quashed. It would have been temporary insanity, and, though mind I don't give my word for it, I think, he might go on and keep his living. I think so, Mr. Roberts."

"That has never occurred to me."

"No—I dare say not. You see the difficulty is this. He's so stiff-necked—will do nothing himself. Well, that will do for one proof of temporary insanity. The real truth is, Mr. Roberts, he is as mad as a hatter."

"Upon my word I've often thought so."

"And you wouldn't mind saying so in evidence, would you? Well, you see, there is no helping such a man in any other way. He won't even employ a lawyer to defend him."

"That was what I come to you about."

"I'm told he won't. Now a man must be mad who won't employ a lawyer when he wants one. You see, the point we should gain would be this—if we tried to get him through as being a little touched in the upper story—whatever we could do for him, we could do against his own will. The more he opposed us the stronger our case would be. He would swear he was not mad at all, and we should say that that was the greatest sign of his madness. But when I say we, of course I mean you. I must not appear in it."

"I wish you could, Mr. Walker."

"Of course I can't; but that won't make any difference."

"I suppose he must have a lawyer?"

"Yes, he must have a lawyer—or rather his friends must."

"And who should employ him, ostensibly?"

"Ah, there's the difficulty. His wife wouldn't do it, I suppose? She couldn't do him a better turn."

"He would never forgive her. And she would never consent to act against him."

"Could you interfere?"

"If necessary, I will; but I hardly know him well enough."

"Has he no father or mother, or uncles or aunts? He must have somebody belonging to him," said Mr. Walker.

Then it occurred to Mr. Roberts that Dean Arabin would be the proper person to interfere. Dean Arabin and Mr. Crawley had been intimate friends in early life, and Dean Arabin knew more of him than did any man, at least in those parts. All this Mr. Roberts explained to Mr. Walker, and Mr. Walker agreed with him that the services of Dean Arabin should if possible be obtained. Mr. Roberts would at once write to Dean Arabin and explain at length all the circumstances of the case.

"The worst of it is, he will hardly be home in time," said Mr. Walker. "Perhaps he would come a little sooner if you were to press it?"

"But we could act in his name in his absence, I suppose—of course with his authority?"

"I wish he could be here a month before the assizes, Mr. Roberts. It would be better."

"And in the meantime shall I say anything to Mr. Crawley, myself, about employing a lawyer?"

"I think I would. If he turns upon you, as like enough he may, and abuse you, that will help us in one way. If he should consent, and perhaps he may, that would help us in the other way. I'm told that he's been over and upset the whole coach at the palace."

"I shouldn't think the bishop got much out of him," said the parson.

"I don't like Crawley the less for speaking his mind free to the bishop," said the attorney, laughing. "And he'll speak it free to you, too, Mr. Roberts."

"He won't break any of my bones. Tell me, Mr. Walker, what lawyer shall I name to him?"

"You can't have a better man than Mr. Mason, up the street there."



"Winthrop proposed Bories at Barchester."  
"No, no, no. Bories & Bonstock are capital people to push a fellow through on a charge of horse-stealing, or to squeeze a man for a little money; but they are not the people for Mr. Crawley in such a case as this. Mason is a better man, and then Mason and I know each other." In saying which Mr. Walker winked.

There was then a discussion between them whether Mr. Roberts should go at once to Mr. Mason; but it was decided at last that he should see Mr. Crawley and also write to the dean before he did so. The dean might wish to employ his own lawyer, and if so the double expense should be avoided. "Always remember, Mr. Roberts, that when you go into an attorney's office door, you will have to pay for it, first or last. In here, you see the dingy old mahogany, bare as it is, makes you safe. Or else it's the salt-cellar, which will not allow itself to be polluted by six-and-eightpenny considerations. But there is the other kind of tax to be paid. You must go up and see Mrs. Walker, or you won't have her help in this matter."

Mr. Walker returned to his work, either to some private den within his house, or to his office, and Mr. Roberts was taken up-stairs to the drawing-room. There he found Mrs. Walker and her daughter, and Miss Anne Prettyman, who had just looked in, full of the story of Mr. Crawley's walk to Barchester. Mr. Thumble had seen one of Dr. Tempest's curates, and had told the whole story—he, Mr. Thumble, having heard Mrs. Proudie's version of what had occurred, and having, of course, drawn his own deductions from her premises. And it seemed that Mr. Crawley had been watched as he passed through the close out of Barchester. A minor canon had seen him, and had declared that he was going at the rate of a hunt, swinging his arms on high and speaking very loud, though—as the minor canon said with regret—the words were hardly audible. But there had been no doubt as to the man. Mr. Crawley's old hat, and short rusty cloak, and dirty boots, had been duly observed and chronicled by the minor canon; and Mr. Thumble had been enabled to put together a not altogether false picture of what occurred. As soon as the greetings between Mr. Roberts and the ladies had been made, Miss Anne Prettyman broke out again, just where she had left off when Mr. Roberts came in. "They say that Mrs. Proudie declared that she will have him sent to Botany Bay!"

"Luckily Mrs. Proudie won't have much to do in the matter," said Miss Walker, who ranged herself as to church matters in ranks altogether opposed to those commanded by Mrs. Proudie.

"She will have nothing to do with it, my dear," said Mrs. Walker; "and I dare say Mrs. Proudie was not foolish enough to say anything of the kind."

"Mamma, she would be fool enough to say anything. Would she not, Mr. Roberts?"

"You forget, Miss Walker, that Mrs. Proudie is in authority over me."

"So she is, for the matter of that," said the young lady; "but I know very well what you think of her, and say of her, too, at Framley. Your friend, Lady Lufton, loves her dearly. I wish I could have been hidden behind a curtain in the palace, to hear what Mr. Crawley said to her."

"Mr. Smilie declares," said Miss Anne Prettyman, "that the bishop has been ill ever since. Mr. Smilie went over to his mother's at Barchester for Christmas, and took part of the cathedral duty, and we had Mr. Spooner over here in his place. So Mr. Smilie of course heard all about it. Only fancy, poor Mr. Crawley walking all the way from Hoggstock to Barchester and back; and I'm told he had hardly a shoe to his foot! Is it not a shame, Mr. Roberts?"

"I don't think it was quite so bad as you say, Miss Prettyman; but, upon the whole, I do think it is a shame. But what can we do?"

"I suppose there are tithes at Hoggstock. Why are they not given up to the church, as they ought to be?"

"My dear Miss Prettyman, that is a very large subject, and I am afraid it cannot be settled in time to relieve our poor friend from his distress. Then Mr. Roberts escaped from the ladies in Mr. Walker's house, who, as it seemed to him, were touching upon dangerous ground, and went back to the yard of the George Inn for his gig—the George and Vulture it was properly called, and was the house in which the magistrates had sat when they committed Mr. Crawley for trial.

"Footed it every inch of the way, blowed if he didn't," the hostess was saying to a gentleman's groom, whom Mr. Roberts recognized to be the servant of his friend, Major Grantly; and Mr. Roberts knew that they were also talking about Mr. Crawley. Everybody in the country was talking about Mr. Crawley. At home, at Framley, there was no other subject of discourse. Lady Lufton, the dowager, was full of it, being firmly convinced that Mr. Crawley was innocent, because the bishop was supposed to regard him as guilty. There had been a family conclave held at Framley Court over that basket of provisions which had been sent for the Christmas cheer of the Hoggstock parsonage, each of the three ladies—the Lady Luftons and Mrs. Roberts—having special views of their own. How the pork had been substituted for the beef by old Lady Lufton, young Lady Lufton thinking that after all the beef would be less dangerous, and how a small turkey had been rashly suggested by Mrs. Roberts, and how certain small articles had been inserted in the bottom of the basket, which Mrs. Crawley had never shown to her husband, need not here be told at length. But Mr. Roberts, as he heard the two grooms talking about Mr. Crawley, began to feel that Mr. Crawley had achieved at least celebrity.

The groom touched his hat as Mr. Roberts walked up.

"Has the major returned home yet?" Mr. Roberts asked.

The groom said that his master was still at Plumstead, and that he was to go over to Plumstead to fetch the major and Miss Edith in a day or two. Then Mr. Roberts got into his gig, and as he drove out of the yard he heard the words of the men as they returned to the same subject.

"Footed it all the way," said one. "And yet he's a gentleman, too," said the other. Mr. Roberts thought of this as he drove on, intending to call at Hoggstock on that very day on his way home. It was undoubtedly the fact that Mr. Crawley was recognized to be a gentleman by all who knew him, high or low, rich or poor, by those who thought well of him, and by those who thought ill. These grooms, who had been telling each other that this parson, who was to be tried as a thief, had been constrained to walk from Hoggstock to Barchester and back, because he could not afford to travel in any other way, and that his boots were cracked and his clothes ragged, and still known him to be a gentleman! Nobody doubted; not even they who thought he had stolen the money. Mr. Roberts himself was certain of it, and told himself that

he knew it by evidences which his own education made clear to him. But how was it that the grooms knew it? For my part I think that there are no better judges of the article than the grooms.

Thinking still of all which he had heard, Mr. Roberts found himself at Mr. Crawley's gate at Hoggstock.

CHAPTER XXI.—MR. ROBERTS ON HIS EMBASSY.

MR. ROBERTS was not altogether easy in his mind as he approached Mr. Crawley's house. He was aware that the task before him was a very difficult one, and he had not confidence in himself that he was exactly the man fitted for the performance of such a task. He was a little afraid of Mr. Crawley, acknowledging tacitly to himself that the man had a power of ascendancy which he would hardly be able to cope successfully. In old days he had once been rebuked by Mr. Crawley, and had been cowed by the rebuke; and though there was no touch of rancor in his heart on this account, no slightest remaining venom, but rather increased respect and friendship, still he was unable to overcome the remembrance of the scene in which the perpetual curate of Hoggstock had undoubtedly had the mastery of him. So, when two dogs have fought and one has conquered, the conquered dog will always show an unconscious submission to the conqueror.

He hailed a boy on the road as he drew near to the house, knowing that he would find no one at the parsonage to hold his horse for him, and was thus able without delay to walk through the garden and knock at the door. "Papa was not at home," Jane said. "Papa was at the school. But papa would certainly be summoned. She herself would run across to the school if Mr. Roberts would come in." So Mr. Roberts entered, and found Mrs. Crawley in the sitting room. Mr. Crawley would be in directly, she said. And then hurrying on to the subject with confused haste, in order that a word or two might be spoken before her husband came back, she expressed her thanks and his for the good things which had been sent to them at Christmas-tide.

"It's old Lady Lufton's doings," said Mr. Roberts, trying to laugh the matter over.

"I knew that it came from Framley, Mr. Roberts, and I know how good you all are there. I have not written to thank Lady Lufton. I thought it better not to write. Your sister will understand why, if no one else does. But you will tell them from me, I am sure, that it was as they intended, a comfort to us. Your sister knows too much of us for me to suppose that our great poverty can be secret from her. And as far as I am concerned, I do not now much care who knows it."

"There is no disgrace in not being rich," said Mr. Roberts.

"No; and the feeling of disgrace which does attach itself to being so poor as we are is deadened by the actual suffering which such poverty brings with it. At least it has become so with me. I am not ashamed to say that I am very grateful for what you all have done for us at Framley. But you must not say anything to him about that."

"Of course I will not, Mrs. Crawley."

"His spirit is higher than mine, I think, and he suffers more from the natural disinclination which we all have to receiving alms. Are you going to speak to him about this affair of the—cheek, Mr. Roberts?"

"I am going to ask him to put his case into some lawyer's hands."

"Oh, I wish he would!"

"And will he not?"

"It is very kind of you, your coming to ask him, but—"

"Has he so strong an objection?"

"He will tell you that he has no money to pay a lawyer."

"But surely if he were convinced that it was absolutely necessary for the vindication of his innocence, he would submit to charge himself with an expense so necessary, not only for himself, but for his family?"

"He will say it ought not to be necessary. You know, Mr. Roberts, that in some respects he is not like other men. You will not let what I say of him set you against him?"

"Indeed, no."

"It is most kind of you to make the attempt. He will be here directly, and when he comes I will leave you together."

While she was yet speaking, his step was heard along the gravel path, and he hurried into the room with quick steps.

"I crave your pardon, Mr. Roberts," he said, "that I should keep you waiting."

Now Mr. Roberts had not been there ten minutes, and any such asking of pardon was hardly necessary. And even in his own house, Mr. Crawley affected a mock humility, as though either through his own debasement, or because of the superior station of the other clergyman, he were not entitled to put himself on an equal footing with his visitor. He would not have shaken hands with Mr. Roberts—intending to indicate that he did not presume to do so while the present accusation was hanging over him—had not the action been forced upon him. And then there was something of a protest in his manner, as though remonstrating against a thing that was unbecoming to him. Mr. Roberts, without analyzing it, understood it all, and knew that behind the humility there was a crushing pride—a pride which, in all probability, would rise up and crush him before he could get himself out of the room again. It was, perhaps, after all a question whether the man was not served rightly by the extremities to which he was reduced. There was something radically wrong within him, which had put him into antagonism with all the world, and which produced these never-dying grievances. There were many clergymen in the country with incomes as small as that which had fallen to the lot of Mr. Crawley, but they managed to get on without displaying their sores as Mr. Crawley displayed his. They did not wear their old rusty cloaks with all that ostentatious bitterness of poverty which seemed to belong to that garment when displayed on Mr. Crawley's shoulders. Such, for a moment, were Mr. Roberts's thoughts, and he almost repented himself of his present mission. But then he thought of Mrs. Crawley, and remembering that her sufferings were at any rate undeserved, determined that he would persevere.

Mrs. Crawley disappeared almost as soon as her husband appeared, and Mr. Roberts found himself standing in front of his friend, who remained fixed on the spot, with his hands folded over each other, and his neck slightly bent forward, in token also of humility.

"I regret," he said, "that your horse should be left there, exposed to the inclemency of the weather; but—"

"The horse won't mind it a bit," said Mr. Roberts. "A parson's horse is like a butcher's, and knows that he mustn't be particular about waiting in the cold."

"I never have had one myself," said Mr. Crawley.

Now Mr. Roberts had had more horses than one before now, and had been thought by some to have incurred greater expense than was benefiting in his stable comforts. The subject, therefore, was a sore one, and he was worried a little.

"I just wanted to say a few words to you, Mr. Roberts," he said, "and if I am not occupying too much of your time—"

"My time is altogether at your disposal. Will you be seated?"

Then Mr. Roberts sat down, and swinging his hat between his legs, bethought himself how he should begin his work.

"We had the archdeacon over at Framley the other day," he said. "Of course you know the archdeacon?"

"I never had the advantage of any acquaintance with Dr. Grantly. Of course I know him well by name, and also personally—that is, by sight."

"And by character?"

"Nay, I can hardly say so much as that. But I am aware that his name stands high with many of his order."

"Exactly; that is what I mean. You know that his judgment is thought more of in clerical matters than any other clergyman in the county?"

"By a certain party, Mr. Roberts."

"Well, yes. They don't think much of him, I suppose, at the palace. But that won't lower him in your estimation."

"I by no means wish to derogate from Dr. Grantly's high position in his own archdeaconry—to which, as you are aware, I am not attached—nor to criticize his conduct in any respect. It would be unbecoming in me to do so. But I cannot accept it as a point in a clergyman's favor that he should be opposed to his bishop."

Now this was too much for Mr. Roberts. After all that he had heard of the visit paid by Mr. Crawley to the palace, of the venom displayed by Mrs. Proudie on that occasion, and of the absolute want of subordination to Episcopal authority which Mr. Crawley himself was supposed to have shown, Mr. Roberts did feel it hard that his friend the archdeacon should be snubbed in this way because he was deficient in reverence for his bishop.

"I thought, Crawley," he said, "that you yourself were inclined to dispute orders coming to you from the palace. The world at least says as much concerning you."

"What the world says of me I have learned to disregard very much, Mr. Roberts. But I hope that I shall never disobey the authority of the church when properly and legally exercised."

"I hope with all my heart you never will, nor I either. And the archdeacon, who knows to the breadth of a hair what a bishop ought to do, and what he ought not, and what he may do, and what he may not, will, I should say, be the last man in England to sin in that way."

"Very probably. I am far from contradicting you there. Pray, understand Mr. Roberts, that I bring no accusation against the archdeacon. Why should I?"

"I didn't mean to discuss him at all."

"Nor did I, Mr. Roberts."

"I only mentioned his name, because, as I said, he was over with us the other day at Framley, and we were all talking about your affair."

"My affair?" said Mr. Crawley. And then came a frown upon his brow, and a gleam of fire into his eye, which effectually banished that look of extreme humility which he had assumed. "And may I ask why the archdeacon was discussing my affair?"

"Simply from the kindness which he bears to you."

"I am grateful for the archdeacon's kindness, as a man is bound to be for any kindness, whether displayed wisely or unwisely. But it seems to me that my affair, as you call it, Mr. Roberts, is of that nature that they who wish well to me will better further their wishes by silence than by any discussion."

"Then I cannot agree with you."

Mr. Crawley shrugged his shoulders, opened his hands a little, and then closed them, and bowed his head. He could not have declared more clearly by any words that he differed altogether from Mr. Roberts, and that as the subject was one so peculiarly his own, he had a right to expect that his opinion should be allowed to prevail against that of any other person.

"If you come to that, you know, how is anybody's tongue to be stopped?"

"That vain tongue cannot be stopped, I am well aware. I do not expect that people's tongues should be stopped. I am not saying what men will do, but what good wishes should dictate."

"Well, perhaps you'll hear me out for a minute."

Mr. Crawley again bowed his head. "Whether we were wise or unwise, we were discussing this affair."

"Whether I stole Mr. Soames's money?"

"No; nobody supposed for a moment you had stolen it."

"I cannot understand how they should suppose anything else, knowing, as they do, that the magistrates have committed me for the theft. This took place at Framley, you say, and probably in Lord Lufton's presence?"

"Exactly."

"And Lord Lufton was chairman at the sitting of the magistrates at which I was committed. How can it be that he should think otherwise?"

"I am sure he has not an idea that you were guilty. Nor yet has Dr. Thorne, who was also one of the magistrates. I don't suppose one of them then thought so."

"Then their action, to say the least of it, was very strange."

"It was all because you had nobody to manage it for you. I thoroughly believe that if you had placed the matter in the hands of a good lawyer, you would never have heard a word more about it. That seems to be the opinion of everybody I speak to on the subject."

"Then in this country a man is to be punished or not, according to his ability to fee a lawyer?"

"I am not talking about punishment."

"And presuming an innocent man to have the ability and not the will to do so, he is to be punished, to be ruined root and branch, self and family, character and pocket, simply because, knowing his own innocence, he does not choose to depend on the mercenary skill of a man whose trade he abhors for the establishment of that which should be clear as the sun at noonday! You say I am innocent, and yet you tell me I am to be condemned as a guilty man, have my gown taken from me, be torn from my wife and children, be disgraced before the eyes of all men, and be made a byword and a thing horrible to be mentioned, because I will not fee an attorney to fee another man to come and lie on my behalf, to browbeat witnesses, to make false appeals, and, perhaps, shed false tears in defending me. You have come to me, asking me to do this, if I understand you, telling me that the archdeacon would so advise me?"

"That is my object."

Mr. Crawley, as he had spoken, had, in his

vehemence, risen from his seat, and Mr. Roberts was also standing.

"Then tell the archdeacon," said Mr. Crawley, "that I will have none of his advice. I will have no one there paid by me to obstruct the course of justice or to hoodwink a jury. I have been in courts of law, and know what is the work for which these gentlemen are hired. I will have none of it, and I will thank you to tell the archdeacon so, with my respectful acknowledgments of his consideration and condescension. I say nothing as to my own innocence or my own guilt. But I do say that if I am dragged before that tribunal, an innocent man, and am falsely declared to be guilty because I lack money to bribe a lawyer to speak for me, then the laws of this country deserve but little of that reverence which we are accustomed to pay to them. And if I be guilty—"

"Nobody supposes you to be guilty."

"And if I be guilty," continued Mr. Crawley, "altogether ignoring the interruption, except by the repetition of his words, and a slight raising of his voice, "I will not add to my guilt by hiring any one to prove a falsehood or to disprove a truth."

"I am sorry that you should say so, Mr. Crawley."

"I speak according to what light I have," Mr. Roberts; and if I have been over-warm with you—and I am conscious that I have been in fault in that direction—I must pray you to remember that I am somewhat hardly tried. My sorrows and troubles are so great that they rise against me and disturb me, and drive me on whither I would not be driven."

"But, my friend, is not that just the reason why you should trust in this matter to some one who can be more calm than yourself?"

"I cannot trust to any one in a matter of conscience. To do as you would have me to do me wrong. Shall I do wrong because I am unhappy?"

"You should cease to think it wrong who so advised by persons you can trust."

"I can trust no one with my own conscience—not even the archdeacon, great as he is."

"The archdeacon has meant only well to you."

"I will presume so. I will believe so. I do think so. Tell the archdeacon from me that I humbly thank him—that, in a matter of church question I might probably submit my judgment to his, even though he might have no authority over me, knowing, as I do, that in such matters his experience has been great. Tell him, also, that though I would fain that this unfortunate affair might burden the tongue of none among my neighbors—at least till I shall have stood before the judge to receive the verdict of the jury, and if needful, his lordship's sentence—still, I am convinced that in what he has spoken, as also in what he has done, he has not yielded to the idleness of gossip, but has exercised his judgment with intended kindness."

"He has certainly intended to do you a service; and as for its not being talked about, that is out of the question."

"As for yourself, Mr. Roberts, whom I have ever regarded as a friend since circumstances brought me into your neighborhood—for you, whose sister I love tenderly in past memory of kindness, though now she is removed so far above my sphere, as to make it unfit that I should call her my friend—"

"She does not think so at all."

"For yourself, as I was saying, pray believe me that, though from the roughness of my manner, being now unused to social intercourse, I seem to be ungracious and forbidding, I am grateful and mindful, and that in the tablets of my heart I have written you down as one whom I could trust, were it given me to trust in men and women."

Then he turned round, with his face to the wall and his back to his visitor, and so remained till Mr. Roberts had left him.

"At any rate, I wish you well through your trouble," said Roberts; and as he spoke he found that his own words were nearly choked by a sob that was rising in his throat.

He went away without another word, and got out to his gig without seeing Mrs. Crawley. During one period of the interview he had been very angry with the man—so angry as to make him almost declare to himself that he would take no more trouble on his behalf. Then he had been brought to acknowledge that Mr. Walker was right, and that Crawley was certainly mad. He was so mad, so far removed from the dominion of sound sense that no jury could say that he was guilty, and that he ought to be punished for his guilt. And, as he so resolved, he could not but ask himself the question, whether the charge of the parish ought to be left in the hands of such a man? But at last, just before he went, these feelings and these convictions gave way to pity, and he remembered simply the troubles which seemed to have been heaped on the head of this poor victim to misfortune. As he drove home he resolved that there was nothing for him to do but to write to the dean. It was known to all who knew them both that the dean and Mr. Crawley had lived together in the closest intimacy at college, and that that friendship had been maintained through life; though, from the peculiarity of Mr. Crawley's character, the two had not been much together of late years. Seeing how things were going now, and hearing how pitiful was the plight in which Mr. Crawley was placed, the dean would, no doubt, feel it his duty to hasten his return to England. He was believed to be at this moment in Jerusalem, and it would be long before a letter could reach him; but there still wanted three months to the assizes, and his return might be probably effected before the end of February."

"I never was so distressed in all my life," Mark Roberts said to his wife.

"And you think that you have done no good?"

"Only this, that I have convinced myself that the poor man is not responsible for what he does, and that for her sake as well as for his own, some person should be enabled to interfere for his protection."

Then he told Mrs. Roberts what Mr. Walker had said; also the message which Mr. Crawley had sent to the archdeacon. But they both agreed that that message need not be sent on any further.

WHITE ANTS IN INDIA.—I must mention one more circumstance that is curious, and to be met with in most stations during the rains, namely, the eruptions of winged ants that visit us. These take place generally about sundown, and if you sit down to watch one, the effect is very curious: from a little hole in the earth a stream of winged ants issues forth with a rapidity and volume quite surprising; they make their way to every lighted lamp and candle, and rapidly fill the room, covering the floor, the walls and tables in a way that must be seen to be believed. If dinner happens to be on the table, it must be covered up and left, and every light removed from the room, while it is cleared by the broom from these unwelcome visitors and their wings, for they drop their wings all about the place and die, almost as soon as they have succeeded in establishing themselves in the house.



## IN THE STOCKS.

This illustration, taken from a photograph upon the spot, shows the style of punishment still in vogue in Havana, Cuba. Barbarous as it seems, we must remember that it is hardly two generations since it was in use among ourselves. The general progress of society is nowhere shown to better advantage than in the gradual abandonment of the brutal and savage spirit of torture which characterized the whole theory of punishment in "the good old times." Though there is still opportunity for vast improvement in the treatment of those who render themselves amenable to the law, yet, judging from the past, we cannot but believe that society is on the right path, and will eventually find that the cause of true wisdom lies in eliminating from punishment all sentiment of revenge, and devoting all its energy to the prevention of crime, in order to avoid the necessity of punishment in the future.

## The Itinerant Cobbler.

This illustration is from a sketch made by our special artist in New Orleans—from a favorable specimen of a large body of public characters who are to be found in that Southern city. They take up their stations on the street corners, and may be seen busily plying the secrets of their craft during all hours of the day. The system has at least the advantage of cheapness, and now that the season is becoming propitious and the rent question is still threatening, it would be well perhaps to introduce it into this city. Such an innovation would give variety and life to the monotonous respectability of our streets, and why a shoemaker has not as good a right to the sidewalk as an apple woman for the display of her wares, or a drygoods dealer for the packing of his cases, it would be difficult to say. This individual scene was sketched at the corner of Toulouse and Chartres streets, from an old Frenchman with a night-cap on his head, and suffering from a club-foot.

## LORILLARD'S TOBACCO WAREHOUSE AND FACTORY.

Of the millions in this country who use tobacco in its various shapes, every one knows that it is a vegetable product, but very few have ever seen the various processes it has to go through before it reaches them in the shape they prefer. To all such, our series of illustrations will prove interesting. We will take a hoghead of tobacco as it arrives at the factory, after having been raised, picked, ripened, seasoned, made into bundles called "hands," and packed. Entering the yard in the factory in Wooster street, we notice long sheds full of hogheads of tobacco which have been brought from the government store-houses. One of these hogheads is rolled into the

## SORTING ROOM.

the basement of the factory, and broken open, when the tobacco comes out in great chases, five feet in diameter, by one and two feet thick. The tobacco has been packed into the hoghead in regular layers, the stalk of the "hands," as they are called, or bunches of leaves, pointing toward the circumference of the hoghead, while the ends point toward the center. Men seated on stools separate the hands, picking the light-colored from the dark, and the better quality from the poorer. After the tobacco has been sorted, that which is to be used for fine-cut tobacco is taken to the

## CASING ROOM.

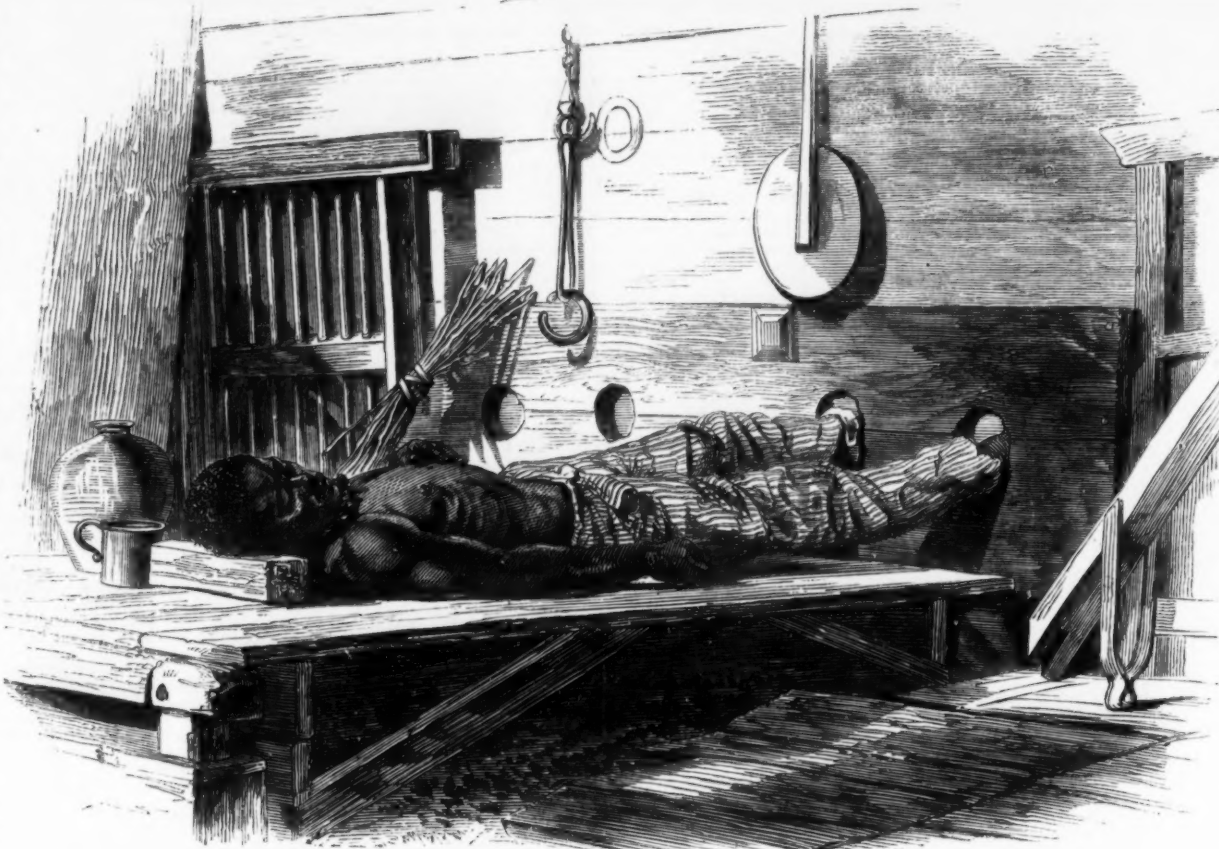
The process of "casing" consists of dipping the leaves of tobacco in a preparation of salt and water, black licorice and sugar. A large vat of this preparation stands in the room, looking much like a poor quality of molasses; the leaves of the tobacco are dipped into it, when they are placed in an inclined trough to drain, the stalk of the leaf up and the end down. After they have dripped sufficiently, they are sent to the

## STRIPPING ROOM.

Something like 160 women and girls are here employed stripping the stems from the tobacco leaf. Each woman is seated in a little square box or bin, a heap of tobacco leaves at her right, a heap of stems in front, and the stripped leaves at the left. These boxes, or bins, are arranged in tiers, one over the other, so that those women who work in the second tier have to go up a short ladder to reach their work. They are packed very closely together, but seem to enjoy themselves, laughing, singing, talking. The work does not look very clean, for the sugar, black licorice and brine with which the leaves are covered, blackens the hands, arms, dresses, floor and everything else, with a thick, dark coat. The tobacco leaves having been stripped of their stems, they are taken to the

## CUTTING ROOM.

Chewing tobacco must be so cut that it shall have long fibres, hanging together like cotton or wool. To accomplish this the leaves are put into a cutting machine, where they come in contact with a revolving knife which runs at a speed of 700 revolutions a minute! The leaves are pressed firmly together into a sort of a chase about ten inches wide by four deep, and some two or three feet long. The end of this chase is pushed by an endless chain against the revolving knife, and the fibres of tobacco fall into a box below. One machine will cut 1,000 pounds a day. A chase weighing perhaps thirty or forty pounds will run through the machine in about fifty seconds! It requires a very sharp knife to do this cutting, and a new edge has to be put upon the knife for each chase. As it only takes fifty seconds to use up the knife, and as twelve machines are constantly at this work, no less than three men sit from morning until night before large revolving stones grinding knives. If any of the tobacco fibres are broken during the process of cutting, they must be separated from the



"IN THE STOCKS."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. D. FREDRICKS, HAVANA.

long ones. This process is called dressing or sh king, and is partly accomplished by hand and partly by machinery.

## SHAKING OUT.

Long line-like benches extend the whole length of the room, with men standing before them shaking heaps of tobacco in their hands, tossing it gently up first with the right and then with the left hand, the broken fibres falling in a shower beneath. The centre of the room is filled with immense boxes, each holding some 400 pounds of tobacco, covered over with blue army blankets. Large heaps of the cut tobacco lie upon the floor, from which men pitch barn-yard forks full in the process of filling half barrels and barrels. The half barrels are all lined with brown paper, and contain from thirty to thirty-five pounds each.

## SPREADING OUT ON SCREENS.

After the tobacco has been cut it is in a green or moist condition and is taken to immense rooms heated by steam-pipes to a temperature of ninety or one hundred degrees. The fine-cut tobacco is spread out on canvas or muslin screens, much as the housewife spreads cotton upon the bed-cover she is about to quilt. The screens are four feet wide by five and a half long, holding from six to eight pounds of tobacco each. The screens are put in large racks. They are filled each day and the dryings take place during the night.

## PACKING SMOKING TOBACCO IN BAGS.

The tobacco being now ready, is packed into bags which are then sewed up by girls. As fast as the bags are filled and sewed up they are flattened out by a woman who pounds them with a wooden paddle and paste on the label.

## PACKING CHEWING TOBACCO IN PAPERS.

A girl stands before a trough of tobacco which is to be packed; it has all been weighed out, and there is just enough to fill one gross of papers. At her right hand there is a heap of tin-foil sheets, cut according to the size of the package, and if a sheet of white paper is to come between the tobacco and the foil, then a heap of paper is placed beside the tin-foil. A wooden mold, just the size of the package, stands before the girl, and into this a tin tunnel or mold is thrust. The girl slips a sheet of white paper on to a sheet of the tin-foil; she then folds it over the nose of the tin mold, and thrusts the whole into the wooden mold, then putting a handful of the tobacco into the mouth of the tunnel, or tin mold, she thrusts it down into the wooden mold with a stopper; withdrawing the stopper and tin mold, the tobacco is left in the paper, the open end is immediately doubled down, when it is taken from the wooden mold and placed in a heap with the other packages.

In the manufacture of snuff, a somewhat different process is used. The tobacco for snuff is first run

through a cutting machine which divides it into coarse pieces; these are then taken to the

## CURING HOUSE.

Here it is placed in immense bins, and moistened with salt water, where it is left for a long time to cure or ferment. It has to be turned every week or two. When the curing process has progressed far enough, it is then dried and sent to the mill for

## GRINDING SNUFF.

On its return from there, it has to go through the process of

## SIFTING SNUFF.

or of rubbing down, as it is denominated, being run through a machine sieve. It is then put into large bins and wet with a very strong brine, sprinkled upon it as a gardener would water his flowers. Being mixed until it is all of the same moisture, it is then taken to the store-rooms and put away in bins six feet deep by four wide, and nine feet high. It remains in these bins until it is scented and ready to be packed in bladders.

The Warehouse and Sales-rooms are also illustrated in our series. They are at Nos. 16 and 18 Chambers street.

Framed and hung up in the office, is a copy of the *Daily Advertiser* of June 30, 1789, from which we copy the following advertisement of the firm:

"Tobacco and snuff of the best quality and flavor at the

manufactory, No. 4 Chatham street, near the jail, by

PETER AND GEORGE LORILLARD,

where may be found as follows:

Cut Tobacco,	Pig or Carrot do.,
Common Kite Foot do.,	Macabata Snuff,
Common Smoking do.,	Rappee,
Cigars,	Strasbourg,
Ladies' Twist,	Common Rappee,
Pig do.,	Scented Rappee of differ-
Plug,	ent kinds,
Hog Tail,	Swish.

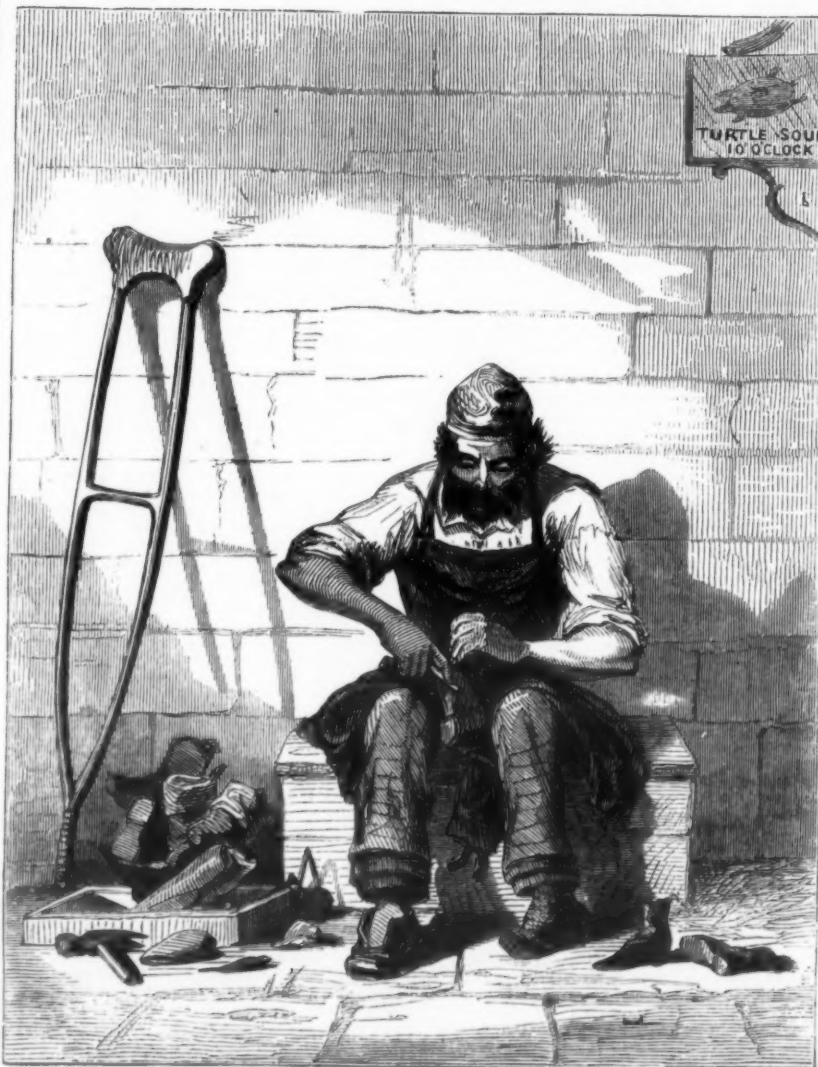
"The above tobacco and snuff will be sold reasonable and warranted as good as any on the continent. If not found to prove good any part of it may be returned, if not damaged.

"N. B.—Proper allowance will be made to those that purchase a quantity."

The business, however, was commenced in 1760, and has now reached such enormous proportions, that the tax upon it amounts to more than a million of dollars a year. It has always remained in the family, who are now estimated to be worth twenty millions.

**FAIRIES IN IRELAND.**—Fairies have, perhaps, had their abiding-place longer in Ireland than in other countries. In Bretagne, traces of the "good people" are still perceptible. And along the banks of the silvery Rhine the attention of the traveler is directed to places and objects which manifest their power for good or evil. The steep craggy rock, pinnacled by the ruined castle, or cleft in twain by superhuman might, or removed to a distance from its original site, are pointed to as monuments of the power and agency of the fairies. Irish fairies were more circumscribed in their action, but their influence was more felt by the people. They punished any intrusion on their privacy and home-steads; but they liberally rewarded those who respected the places sacred to their gambols, and which were generally on the "streamlets' banks, upon the green hill-side, round the grassy fort." Irish fairies, shut out from intercourse with their European brethren by the insular position of their country, assimilated themselves in their habits and customs to the peasantry. They married and gave in marriage. They procreated their species, they drank, danced, and fought as sprightly and as eagerly as the wildest Tipperary boys. Such was the belief entertained of them—and how often does a belief mirror forth the mental habits of the believer! Woe betide the mortal who spoke slightly of or disbelieved in the "good people!" they were sure to bide their time and have revenge. The skeptic or scoffer, returning from a wake or wedding, a christening or a pattern, belated, and a little the worse for liquor, was waylaid and punished; sometimes, "with tapers formed of the waxen thighs of bees, and lighted at the fiery glow-worm's eyes," they allured the hapless wayfarer on, till he sank with a splash in a marsh or bog. Immersed to his neck, and with fairy lights playing along the waters of the marsh, and with fairy forms apparently flitting about him, the hapless being was ready to recant his errors, and proclaim his belief in fairy mythology.

**EARTHQUAKES.**—Some idea of the occasional amplitude of earthquake land-waves may be gathered from the testimony of Elint the geographer, who collated evidence of the violent earthquake that devastated South Carolina in 1812. The forest adjacent to New Madrid presented, subsequent to the disturbance, a singular scene of confusion, the trees standing inclined in every direction, their tops matted and interlaced. When Sir Charles Lyell was traveling in this region, in March, 1846, Mr. Bringier, an engineer of New Orleans, stated that being on horseback near New Madrid when some of the severest shocks were experienced, he saw that as the waves advanced the trees bent down, and the next instant, while recovering their position, they often met the tops of trees similarly inclined, and were prevented righting themselves again. Accepting this testimony as reliable, the mind rises to a conception of the awful grandeur of rending and crashing sounds that must have roused the solitudes of these dense primeval forests. Eye-witnesses relate that the earth upheaved in great undulations; that when these reached a certain height the soil burst, discharging large volumes of water, sand and pitcoal, as high as the tree-tops. It was a peculiarity of this earthquake that the land opened in cracks and trenches at frequent intervals during a considerable period. Down those fissures men and animals often disappeared, to emerge no more. There seemed no way by which the ingenuity of man could elude the bite of these treacherous jaws, until the people noticed the fissures to open in the direction of south-west to north-east. The scared and homeless people began to profit by the fact, by turning the prostrate timber to account. They ranged long trees across the direction of the fissures; by which, so often as a crevice yawned, and its breadth was not greater than the length of some spanning tree, the latter by its trunk and spreading branches offered a chance of escape.



THE ITINERANT COBBLER.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.



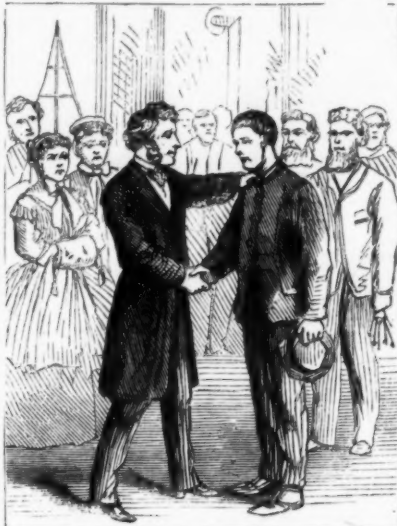
HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.



"I'LL KEEP 'EM AWAKE."

HOME INCIDENTS, &c.  
I'll Keep 'Em Awake.

A pious family near Newark, N. J., adopted an orphan, who, by the way, was rather underwitted. He had imbibed strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she didn't think it wrong for the old farmers to come to church and fall asleep, paying no better regard to the service. She replied she did. Accordingly, before going to church the next Sunday, he filled his pocket with apples. One bald-headed old man who invariably went to sleep during the sermon particularly attracted his attention. Seeing him at last nodding, and giving usual evidence of being in the "land of dreams," he gave the sleeper a blow with an apple on the top of his bald pate. The minister and aroused congregation at once indignantly gazed at the boy, who merely said to the preacher, as he took another apple in his hand, with a sober, honest expression of countenance: "You preach; I'll keep 'em awake!"



A STATE PRISON SCENE.

the barrel was full of water. Each of his parishioners supposing that in the mixture a single bottle of water would not be noticed, had come thus prepared, but, unfortunately for the rabbi, the same idea had occurred to every one of them, and had been acted upon. The question now in full vigor of discussion among those cognizant of the occurrence is, whether the contributors were faithful or unfaithful to the teachings of the rabbi and their creed?

A Gallant Burglar.

In February last the house of Mr. Gilbert White, on Seventh street, near Virginia, in Buffalo, was entered, and a gold watch worth \$700 taken therefrom. Recently a young man, named John Moreover, was brought up on a charge of having been connected with the affair. Mr. White and his wife, with their daughter, Mrs. Wall, and her little son were the witnesses. From the story of Mrs. Wall, who on the night of the robbery was sitting up with her mother, who was ill, it would appear that the thief was of a superior order. He was in the



A POLICEMAN WHO WAS NOT POSTED.

the building, requested the Warden to bring a certain prisoner into the room. In a short time the man entered and took position in the middle of the company. The convict was, of course, astonished to find himself ushered into so large a gathering, in which were some twenty ladies, including the wife of his Excellency. The Governor rose, took the man by the hand, and spoke to him substantially as follows: "My friend, about twelve months ago you were committed to this prison for five years for the alleged crime of passing counterfeit money. Soon after your incarceration circumstances came to light tending to prove that, although a counterfeit bill passed through your hands, it was used by you in an entirely innocent manner, and that you were unwittingly the dupe of a scoundrel, who fled the State and has never been arrested. I immediately ordered a full investigation of your case, and I am thoroughly convinced that you are an innocent man, and serving out an unjust sentence. The Constitution of the State gives me the power to open the doors of this prison, and in the lawful exercise of that power

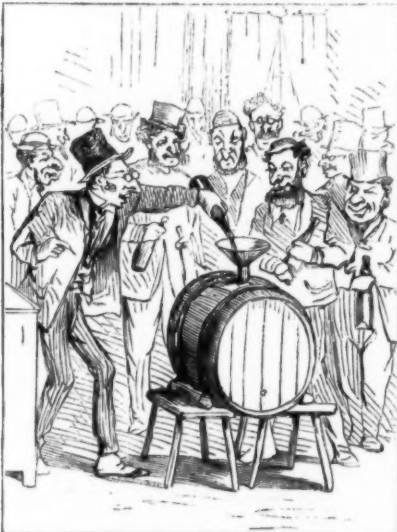


ALMOST AN ACCIDENT.

from Indianapolis. A freedman fell in love with a young woman who reciprocated the attachment. The parents opposed, and an elopement was decided upon. At midnight, on March 24th, the gay Lothario proceeded to the house, bearing a ladder on his shoulders. The window was raised, the fair damsel emerged, extremities foremost, and began the descent, when her hoop-skirt caught in the window-sill. Jules was appealed to for help. At this juncture, the irate mamma appeared in robe de chambre, and with one desperate pull, brought the wayward daughter within the maternal arms. The affrighted hero quitted the scene without one parting word, and has not since been heard of or seen in the vicinity.

Wonders of Natural History.

Last July Mr. Jefferson Olmstead, of Savannah, Ga., missed a hog weighing some 200 pounds, and nothing was seen or heard of him until last week, when Mr. Olmstead, having occasion to take down a straw stack on his place, his swinehip was discovered underneath. There was no doubt from the signs and the facts given,



THE MIRACLE OF THE WINE REVERSED.

The Miracle of the Wine Reversed.

The following good story comes to us from Baltimore. The members of a Hebrew synagogue in that city resolved among themselves to present their rabbi with a barrel of wine, as a testimonial of their esteem. The idea seemed to give universal satisfaction, and as it was agreed that each member of the church should bring to a preconcerted place, on a certain day, a bottle of wine, and the barrel being thus filled by their individual contributions, it should be sealed and sent to the rabbi, with their compliments. The programme was carried out. The faithful appeared in large numbers, each carrying, as he said, a bottle of his choicest. The barrel was prepared with a funnel, and in turn the contributions were poured in, and the barrel was then sealed and sent on its way. The rabbi, rejoiced at the reception of so touching a testimony of the regard in which he was held by his flock, hastened to tap the barrel and test its contents. His disgust and surprise may be imagined better than described at finding that



AN ELOPEMENT FOILED.

house about three-quarters of an hour, and is described as having a voice "soft, gentle and low"—an excellent thing in a woman or a burglar. He restored Mr. Wall's watch on being told that it was a keepsake, as also fifteen dollars in gold and silver which had been kept for a long time by Mrs. White. On knocking some pictures from a table he apologized, and asked if he should replace them. He expressed his regret at Mrs. White's sickness, and hoped for her speedy recovery, at the same time stating that he was not used to burglary, but had not eaten anything for four days, thus marring that good impression he had produced by telling what was probably a lie; although he seemed to be "as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled ships or cut a throat." Mrs. Wall was unable to identify the prisoner as the graceful but immoral gentleman. The little boy, however, swore that he was the man, and he was fully committed for trial.

A State Prison Scene.

On last Fast Day the Governor of New Hampshire visited the State Prison at Concord, and after viewing



A POLICEMAN ATTACKED BY A GOAT.

I now grant you a full and free pardon. This very hour the Warden will relieve you of a convict's uniform and give you a citizen's dress. You have been a good man within these walls, and while I and my friends here live, we will everywhere bear testimony that your imprisonment leaves no stain upon your character. A dear wife and loving sister have prayed for your release, and I now restore you to their hands, to be once more their comfort and support." As the Governor closed his remarks the poor man, overjoyed with happiness, reeled in every limb, and his face was wet with tears. Not a person in the audience looked unmoved upon the scene. All present congratulated the prisoner upon his just release, and wished him a happy and prosperous future. But the account does not state that any redress was offered for the injustice which had been done him by the law, nor is it probable that he will ever receive any.

An Elopement Foiled.

An unsuccessful attempt at elopement has excited some little emotion at a country town not far remote



A CAROLINA WITNESS.

that the hog had been in the straw since last July. He was probably asleep in the straw when the stack was being made, which was the time the hog was missed, and was covered up so completely and closely that he could not escape. His weight was, when found, about sixty pounds. The hog seemed to be as well as ever, save the falling off in weight.

A Policeman Who Was Not Posted.

A policeman recently raised to the dignity of his badge, and who had arrived but a short time before in the city, and still bore the freshness of his country breeding about him, was detailed on duty at the New York Circus in Fourteenth street. A part of the performance was a scene in which an apparent stranger steps into the ring from among the audience and becomes finally engaged in a fight with the clown. Our country friend took the whole matter in earnest, and seeing that the fight waxed warm, felt himself obliged by his duty as a public officer to interfere. Stepping, therefore, into the ring, he commenced a performance not on the bills, and could not be persuaded that he



A GALLANT BURGLAR.



WONDERS OF NATURAL HISTORY.



COERCING HENS.



RELIEVING GUARD.



was wrong, until he had been removed firmly and decidedly by some half dozen of the supernumeraries. Perhaps a longer residence in the city will make him more accustomed to the city ways.

#### A Policeman Attacked by a Goat.

The following scene occurred in Brooklyn: Officer Bellinden Depew, of the Forty-seventh precinct, while enforcing a city ordinance at Greenpoint recently, was severely assaulted by a goat belonging to Andrew Stolte. The officer clubbed the animal, when its owner, his daughter Bridget and his son Joseph came to its assistance. The assailants were arrested and taken before Justice Daly, who held them in bonds of \$200 each to answer the charge of assault and battery, though whether the goat was among them, and who gave bonds for him, if he was, the account does not state.

#### Coercing Hens.

A lady correspondent sends us the following from Kansas. Many of the traditions current here at the East are of no force at the West, and perhaps this story may illustrate the folly of another popular delusion: After breakfast I was surprised to see my landlady go out, and catching her hens, tie each one's legs together, and throw them upon the ground, with "There now, be good!" "What do you do that for?" I asked. "To make 'em lay," she answered. "Make 'em lay! Will that do it?" I inquired. "Law, yes," she said; "didn't you ever hear tell of that before?" I confessed I had not. In an hour she went again and picked up the hens, and sure enough some had laid; these she let go, and they ran off, not even cackling their gratitude. But those hens which seemed disposed to the contrary she struck on the back saying: "You'd better lay—you'd better lay; for you won't go until you do," and in a little while they, too, had recompensed their mistress for feeding them so bountifully. She says she does every morning, and the hens know well enough "that they have got to lay."

#### Almost an Accident.

A scene occurred recently on the Girard avenue branch of the Fourth and Eighth street railroad, in Philadelphia, that caused a thrill of horror to prevail among the spectators, all owing to the outrageous carelessness of the conductor and the natural stupidity of the driver. It seems that Mrs. Reiff and her husband, who reside in that vicinity, were about getting out of the car. The gentleman alighted first, and as he was in the act of assisting his wife out, the conductor pulled the bell before she had entirely cleared the platform, and the car started. Her hoop-skirt caught on the latchet of the brake, and she was consequently dragged some distance, but her husband prevented her falling, a very difficult feat to accomplish, requiring strength and dexterity. The conductor, observing the perilous position of the lady, suddenly pulled the bell, almost instantly after he had started; but the stupid driver supposed the bell was struck twice in rapid succession, which means to go ahead fast, and the speed of the horses was increased. Thus the scene of peril to the lady was the more thrilling. Fortunately, however, she was rescued by her husband without receiving any physical injury, after having been dragged more than fifty yards.

#### A Carolina Witness.

This witness, the plaintiff's son, was called on to testify in an action for work and labor done in cutting a ditch on defendant's land. The defense was payment and set-off in bacon and cornmeal. The plaintiff's son, being on the stand, recollects the ditching perfectly, but seems to forget all about the bacon. "You say your daddy did all this ditching? Do you know what he got for it?" inquired the attorney for the defendant. "He got nothing for it, as I ever heard of, that's what he never got," answered the witness. "Didn't your daddy get corn and bacon from the defendant to pay for ditching?" "Never heard of his getting no corn or bacon." "What did your daddy and family live on last summer?" "Vittles mostly." "What sort of vittles?" "Well, meat, bread and some whisky." "Where did you get that meat and bread?" "Well, first from one and then from another." "Didn't he get some of it from defendant?" "He mought." "I know he mought, but did he? That's the question." "Well, he mought, and then again he moughtn't." With considerable excitement, and in tones of thunder: "Answer the question, and no more of this trifling with your oath. Did your daddy, or did he not, get corn or bacon from the defendant for ditching?" "Well, now, he mought; it didn't occurred exactly, you know." Here his honor interferes, and with a stern judicial frown, addresses the witness thus: "Witness, you must answer the question, or the court will be compelled to deal with you. Can't you say yes or no?" "I reckon." "Well, then answer yes or no. Did or did not your daddy get corn and bacon from the defendant at the time referred to?" inquired the court. Witness, now fully aroused, and conscious of his danger: "Well, judge, I can't exactly remember, you know, seeing as how it's all dun been gone and eat up, but, planting himself firmly, as one determined to out with it, "to the best of my recollection, if my memory serves right, he mought, and then again he moughtn't." The plaintiff saved his bacon, and the verdict was given accordingly.

#### Relieving Guard.

Hugh McFarley, a son of the Emerald Isle, who had volunteered, is in a regiment of infantry, and was stationed recently on the beach at Brownsville, Texas, with strict orders to walk between two points, and to let no one pass without the countersign, and that to be communicated only in a whisper. Two hours afterward, the corporal with the relief discovered, by the moonlight, Hugh up to his waist in water, the tide having set in since he had been posted. "Who goes there?" "Relief." "Halt, relief; advance, corporal, and give the countersign." Corporal: "I am not going in there to be drowned; come out here, and let me relieve you." Hugh: "Divil a bit of it; the lieutenant told me not to leave me post." Corporal: "Well then, I'll leave you in the water all night," going away as he spoke. Hugh: "Halt! I'll put a hole in ye, if ye pass without the countersign. There's me orders from the lieutenant," cocking and leveling his gun. Corporal: "Confound you! everybody will hear it if I bawl out to you." Hugh: "Yes, me darlin, and the lieutenant said it must be given in a whisper. In wid ye; me finger's on the trigger, and me gun may go off!" The corporal had to yield to the force of the argument and wade into the faithful sentinel, who remarked, that "The—tide has a most drowned me!"

**LORD BYRON.**—Perhaps you would like to be introduced to Lord Byron as he appeared about 1800. "His face was void of color and he wore no whiskers. His eyes were gray, fringed with long black lashes, and his air was imposing but rather supercilious. He wore a very narrow cravat of white sarcenet, with the shirt-collar falling over it, then in remarkable contrast to the stiff-starched cravat generally in vogue. A black coat and waistcoat and very broad white trousers of Russia duck in the morning, and of jean in the evening. His watch-chain had a number of small gold seals appended to it, and was looped up to a button of his waistcoat."

#### MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE NINETEENTH LECTURE.—MRS. CAUDLE THINKS "IT WOULD LOOK WELL TO KEEP THEIR WEDDING-DAY."

"CAUDLE, love, do you know what next Sunday is? No! you don't? Well, was there ever such a strange man! Can't you guess, darling? Next Sunday, dear? Think, love, a minute—just think. What! and you don't know now? Ha! if I hadn't a better memory than you, I don't know how we should ever get on. Well, then, pet—shall I tell you what next Sunday is? Why, then, it's our wedding-day—What are you groaning at, Mr. Caudle? I don't see anything to groan at. If anybody should groan, I'm sure it isn't you. No: I rather think it's I who ought to groan!"

"Oh, dear! That's fourteen years ago. You were a very different man, then, Mr. Caudle. What do you say?—And I was a very different woman? Not at all—just the same. Oh, you needn't roll your head about on the pillow in that way; I say, just the same. Well, then, if I'm altered, whose fault is it? Not mine, I'm sure—certainly not. Don't tell me that I couldn't talk at all then—I could just as well then as I can now; only then I hadn't the same cause. It's you who've made me talk. What do you say? You're very sorry for it? Caudle, you do nothing but insult me."

"Ha! you were a good-tempered, nice creature fourteen years ago, and would have done anything for me. Yes, yes, if a woman would be always cared for, she should never marry. There's quite an end of the charm when she goes to church! We're all angels while you're courting us; but once married, how soon you will pull our wings off! No, Mr. Caudle, I'm not talking nonsense; but the truth is, you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. Nobody ever tells me that I talk nonsense but you. Now, it's no use your turning and turning about in that way, it's not a bit of—it do you say? You'll get up? No you won't, Mr. Caudle; you'll not serve me that trick again; for I've locked the door and hid the key. There's no getting hold of you all the day-time—but here you can't leave me. You needn't groan again, Mr. Caudle."

"Now, Caudle, dear, do let us talk comfortably. After all, love, there's a good many folks who, I dare say, don't get on half so well as we've done. We've both our little tempers, perhaps; but you are aggravating; you must own that, Caudle. Well, never mind; we won't talk of it; I won't scold you now. We'll talk of next Sunday, love. We never have kept our wedding-day, and I think it would be a nice day to have our friends. What do you say? They'd think it hypocrisy? No hypocrisy at all. I'm sure I try to be comfortable; and if ever man was happy, you ought to be. No, Caudle, no; it isn't nonsense to keep wedding-days; it isn't a deception on the world; and if it is, how many people do it? I'm sure it's only a proper compliment that a man owes to his wife. Look at the Winkles—don't they give a dinner every year? Well, I know, and if they do fight a little in the course of the twelvemonth, that's nothing to do with it. They keep their wedding-day, and their acquaintance have nothing to do with anything else."

"As I say, Caudle, it's only a proper compliment that a man owes to his wife to keep his wedding day. It's as much as to say to the whole world—There! if I had to marry again, my blessed wife's the only woman I'd choose? Well! I see nothing to groan at, Mr. Caudle—no, nor to sigh at either; but I know what you mean; I'm sure, what would have become of you, if you hadn't married as you have done—why, you'd have been a lost creature! I know it; I know your habits, Caudle; and—I don't like to say it—but you'd have been little better than a ragamuffin. Nice scrapes you'd have got into I know, if you hadn't had me for a wife. The trouble I've had to keep you respectable—and what's my thanks? Ha! I only wish you'd had some women!"

"But we won't quarrel, Caudle. No; you don't mean anything, I know. We'll have this little dinner, eh? Just a few friends? Now don't say you don't care—that isn't the way to speak to a wife; and especially the wife I've been to you, Caudle. Well, you agree to the dinner, eh? Now, don't grout, Caudle, but speak out. You'll keep your wedding-day? What? If I'll let you go to sleep? Ha, that's unmanly, Caudle; can't you say, 'Yes' without anything else? I say—can't you say 'Yes'—There, bless you! I knew you would."

"And now, Caudle, what shall we have for dinner? No—we won't talk of it to-morrow; we'll talk of it now, and then it will be off my mind. I should like something particular—something out of the way—just to show that we thought the day something. I should like—Mr. Caudle, you're not asleep? What do I want? Why you know I want to settle about the dinner. Have what I like? No; as it's your fancy to keep the day, it's only right that I should try to please you. We never had one, Caudle; so what do you think of a haunch of venison? What do you say? Mutton will do? Ha! that shows what you think of your wife; I dare say if it was with any of your club friends—any of your pot-house companions—you'd have no objection to venison? I say if—that do you mutter? Let it be venison? Very well. And now about the fish? What do you think of a nice turbot? No, Mr. Caudle, brill won't do—it shall be turbot, or there shan't be any fish at all. Oh, what a mean man you are, Caudle! Shall it be turbot? It shall! Very well. And now about the soup—now, Caudle, don't swear at the soup in that manner; you know there must be soup. Well, once in a way, and just to show our friends how happy we've been, we'll have some real turtle. No, you won't, you'll have nothing but mock! Then, Mr. Caudle, you may sit at the table by yourself. Mock-turtle on a wedding-day! Was there ever such an insult? What do you say? Let it be real, for once? Ha,

Caudle; as I say, you were a very different person fourteen years ago.

"And, Caudle, you'll look after the venison? There's a place I know, somewhere in the city, where you get it beautiful? You'll look to it? You will? Very well."

"And now who shall we invite? Who I like? Now, you know, Caudle, that's nonsense; because I only like whom you like. I suppose the Pretty-mans must come? But understand, Caudle, I don't have Miss Prettyman; I'm not going to have my peace of mind destroyed under my own roof; if she comes I don't appear at the table. What do you say? Very well? Very well be it, then."

"And now, Caudle, you'll not forget the venison? In the city, my dear? You'll not forget the venison? A haunch, you know; a nice haunch. And you'll not forget the venison?"

"Three times I did fall off to sleep," says Caudle, "and three times did my wife nudge me with her elbow, exclaiming—'You'll not forget the venison?' At last I got into a sound slumber, and dreamt I was a pot of currant-jelly."

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A CORRESPONDENT from the Rocky Mountain region says that when an Idaho girl is kissed she looks up surprised, and in angelic tones, in which regret and resentment are equally commingled, exclaims: "How could you?" To which the swain replies, and is expected to reply: "It will give me great pleasure to show you," and immediately furnishes the wished-for illustration.

"JENNIE," said a Puritan to his daughter, who was asking consent to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar—"Jennie, it's a very solemn thing to get married."

"I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel, "but it is a great deal solemnier not to."

"DAUGHTER, why do you not wear your rings?"

"Because, papa, they hurt me when anybody squeezes my hand?"

"What business have you, I would like to know, to have your hand squeezed?"

"Certainly none; but still you know, papa, one would like to keep in squeezeable order."

"MADAM," said a cross-tempered physician to a patient, "if women were admitted to Paradise their tongues would make it a purgatory."

"And some physicians, if allowed to practice there," replied the lady, "would soon make it a desert."

An elderly maiden, who has suffered some disappointments, thus defines the human race: "Man—a conglomerate mass of hair, tobacco-smoke, confusion, conceit and boots. Woman—The waiter, per force, on the aforesaid animal."

"So you are going to keep house?" said an inquisitive young miss.

"Yes," said the newly-made bride.

"Going to have a girl, I suppose?"

"I really don't know," was the blushing reply, "whether it will be a girl or a boy."

"I HAVE the best wife in the world," said a long-suffering husband; "she always strikes me with the soft end of the broom."

A CYNICAL journalist says the reason so many marriages occur immediately after a great war is, that bachelors become so accustomed to strife that they learn to like it; and after the return of peace they insist in matrimony as the next thing to war.

A GALLANT writer has recently recorded his opinion to the effect, that the virtues of the ladies exceed the magnitude of their skirts, and that their faults are as small as their bouquets. That chap is looking forward to female suffrage, and intends to run for some important office.

THERE are very affectionate female friends who kiss each other through two thicknesses of veil, and know how to hug each other without disarranging a curl.

A YOUNG fellow once offered to kiss a Quakeress.

"Friend," said she, "thee must not do it."

"Oh, by Jove, but I must," said the youth.

"Well, friend, as thee hast sworn, thee may do it, but thee must not make a practice of it."

MARK TWAIN lecturing on the Sandwich Islands the other night, offered to show how the cannibals eat their food, if some lady would hand him a baby. The lecture was not illustrated.

"So you say that walking-sticks came into use very long ago?" "Not a doubt of it—don't we read that Adam had a Cain?"

"Now PUT that back where you took it from," as the young lady said when her lover snatched a kiss.

"TAKE care you don't melt," said a wag to an Irish laborer, who was perspiring very freely.

"Oh, bedad! I would, thin, if I was as soft as yeas."

"Did you come alone, boy?" queried a store-keeper of a boy from the country.

"No, sir, father said I should come by myself."

"Did your daddy send you?"

"No, sir, my father sent me."

"You're a very smart boy."

"Oh, yes! father made me smart with his hickory stick this morning."

"Clear out, you young rascal!"

"Yes, sir, very clear, considering the weather," he replied, as he rushed from the store.

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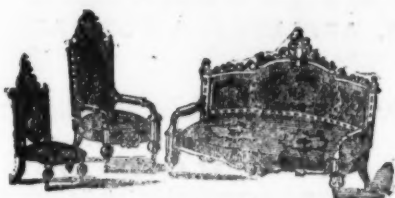
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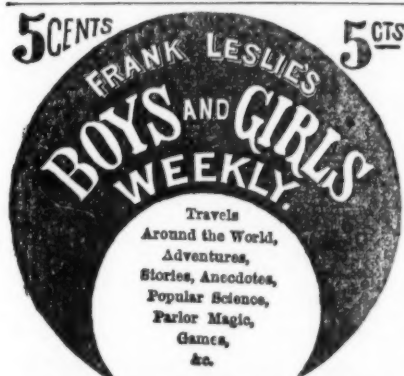
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Pittsfield, Illinois, March 20, 1867.

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GENTS.—The package of Tea came safe to hand in good order, has been delivered, and gives general satisfaction. Many thanks for complimentary package. I expect to order a larger club in a few days, and if it gives as general satisfaction as the one just received, you will have the entire custom of the Tea consumers in this neighborhood.

Yours, with respect,  
W. C. MEMPHILL,  
Pittsfield, Ill.

Potsdam Junction, N. Y., March 7, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey street, N. Y.

GENTS.—The package of Tea and Coffee (55 1/2 lb) ordered by me from your House one week ago to-day, by M. U. Express, came to hand yesterday in best of order, and proves very satisfactory. Also receipt for \$64 30 in payment for above came by mail to-day. Please accept thanks for complimentary package. You may expect another order before many days.

Truly yours,  
JAMES L. MONTAGUE.

White Haven, Pa., March 28, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey street, N. Y.

SIRS.—The Tea I sent for has arrived in good condition. We are well satisfied with it, and do not hesitate to say that it is at least as good a quality of Tea as we ever tasted. We could have done no better for ourselves, had we been at your Store and made the selection, than you have done for us. When this supply is exhausted, we shall no doubt send for some more.

Yours most respectfully,  
JAMES M. SALMON.

Evidence after a Year's Trial.

Treasury Department,

Fourth Auditor's Office, Dec. 1, 1866.

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey street, N. Y.

Enclosed herewith I send you our regular list for December. It is now twelve months since we began the use of your Teas and Coffees, and I am pleased in being able to say that the satisfaction derived from the use of said articles by the members of this club, instead of being confined to individual instances, is universal, and I think I may safely say without exception. Thanking you for the many favors received at your hands, I am, sir, very respectfully your obedient servant.

M. E.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

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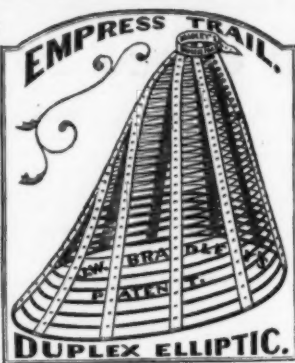
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